

MOVIE WEEKLY

March 18, 1922

10¢

*The Colorful and
Romantic Story
of William D. Taylor's
Remarkable Life—*

*Announcement of
Popular High School Girl
Contest Winners—*



Helen Chadwick

PHOTO BY CLARENCE S. BULL

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Democrat Pleads for Federal Censorship

IN Washington, D. C., the question of Federal Censorship of motion pictures is one of the foremost now before the legislature.

There are many senators who do not want Federal censorship; there are many who do. Among the pros is Senator Myers, Democrat, from Montana. Perhaps there are those who will say that naturally a Democrat would work against pictures, inasmuch as the new head of the industry, Will Hays, is a Republican. However, let that be as it may.

Senator Myers harps on the fact that "we must protect our children from salacious pictures that are being shown on the screen today. Statistics gathered by the educators of the country show that while 17,000,000 boys and girls attend school, 20,000,000 attend the movies every day.

"... I am for the movies," the Senator concludes, "but I want good movies. I want the children of the country protected from these salacious scenes that poison their minds with mysterious passions. The only way to clean up the movies is to establish a Federal censorship."

WHICH IS THE WORST?

Which reminds us that over in Ohio the State Board of Censorship has banned the \$1,000,000 Universal production of Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," from being shown in the State.

While here in New York, from published correspondence in the "Billboard" between Miss Marion Russell and Governor Miller, we glean interesting information concerning the way the New York censors went about making "Foolish Wives" the essence of purity for the New York public.

It seems that there was so much cutting to do on this picture that the censors found it impossible to accomplish the necessary slashing before the picture's widely advertised opening at a Broadway theatre. Miss Russell complained to the Governor that several objectionable scenes remained in the picture, even though it had the official seal of approval from the Board of Censorship.

The Governor immediately communicated with his Board and received a prompt reply from Commissioner Mrs. Helen May Hosmer explaining that they permitted the picture to

run because "the opening had been widely advertised and at much expense."

She goes on to say that six days after the picture's Broadway opening "all eliminations had been made as ordered by the commission."

Whereupon Miss Russel expostulates with the Board's methods to ask: "Why should the commission grant favors

which interfere with the proper performance of duty? And by what right does the censor consider the expense of any producer?"

Personally, we are prone to pat these censors on the back for so concretely evincing humane traits!

But don't you see, Friend Reader, what a producer is up against when his pictures must be shown to various State Censorship Boards before he is permitted to release them to theatre managers in the States where Censorship is established?

In our opinion, Federal Censorship is the least of the two censorship evils. A producer who turns his pictures over to a Federal Board of Censorship will be happy in the knowledge that at all events they will be slashed only once, not continually by different State Boards.

What do you think?

EDUCATION VIA THE EYES

Along comes a statement from an educational expert claiming that eighty-seven per cent of the average person's education is acquired through the eyes.

Until recent years, the expert narrates, knowledge could be transmitted to the brain through the sense of sight only by reading printed type, traveling, or watching instructive happenings.

In possibilities, the movie is scores of times more powerful than any of these. The possibilities so far have been largely

neglected. A sign of progress is the growing demand that movies be made instructive as well as entertaining.

Moving picture films, prognosticates the educational expert, will be the slates, blackboards and textbooks of future schools.

And remember the statistics already quoted on this page: there are 20,000,000 children going to motion pictures; only 17,000,000 going to school.

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MOVIE WEEKLY

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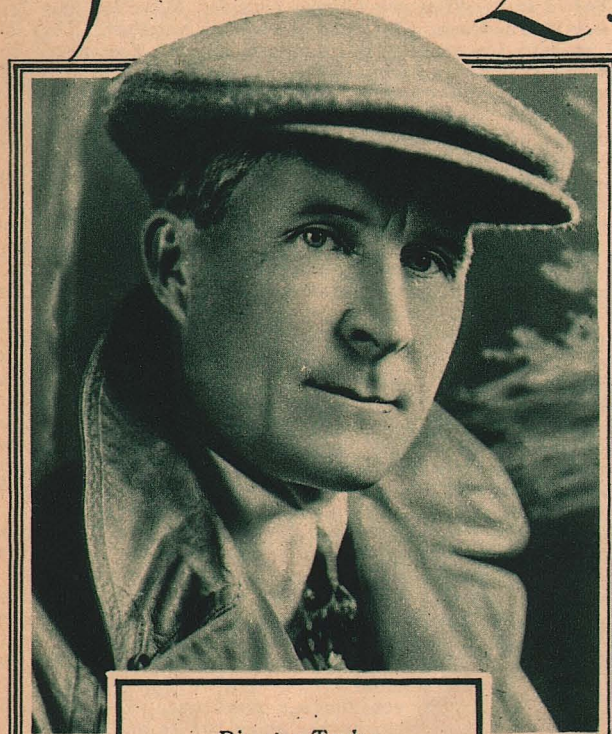
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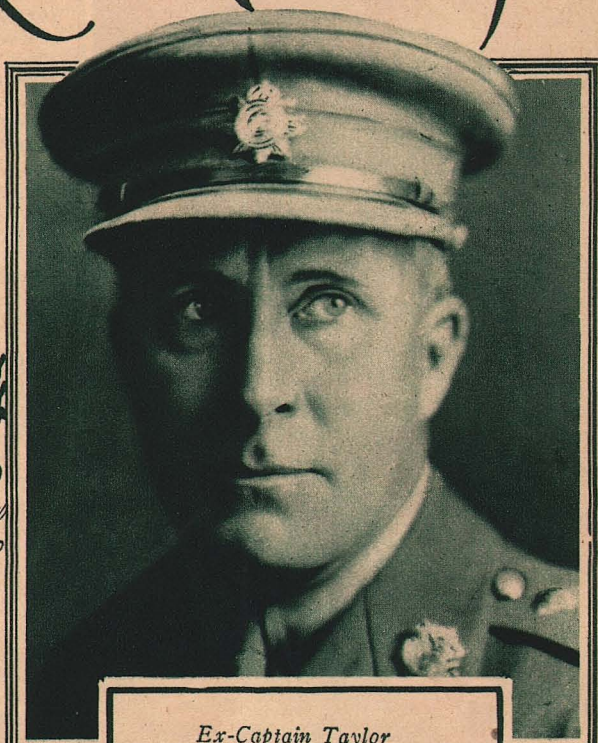
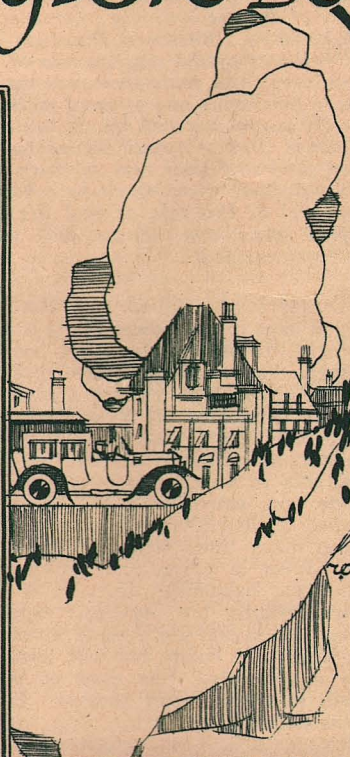
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The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life



Director Taylor,
featured Paramount director



Ex-Captain Taylor
just before sailing for service
overseas with the Canadian
Army.

Written exclusively for
Movie Weekly by a man
who knew Taylor well—
by
Truman B. Handy

ONE of the most colorful, romantic careers in the motion picture colony—a life as redolent with "atmosphere," brilliance and adventure as that of any novelistic hero—was cut short when an assassin's bullet ended the life of William Desmond Taylor, the director.

Irish student, actor, engineer, Kansas ranchman, Klondike miner, art store proprietor, sportsman, director of photoplays and soldier in the World War was he.

He dared the deepest, fullest experiences of life. Profound in its searchings, broad and sweeping in its range, courageous in its intimate contacts, his life history recounts the free, glorious adventures of a crusader in quest of an ideal—romance.

And yet, while Taylor lived, he remained a grey man who subdued the brilliant color of his career into the most somber of hues. He was not a so-called man of mystery, yet even his friends cannot remember having heard him sing of the glories of the past.

For he lived quietly, without affectation; steeped in the study of books; engrossed in the art of his work at the film studio. His desire to bury the dim shadows of his early life seemed paramount.

He had even changed his name. And, taking no one into his fullest confidence, he lived in semi-reclusion.

Yet he stands as romantic a character as either D'Artagnan or Napoleon, although when he lived he was a second John Ferguson—a man of dignity, integrity and careful self-repression.

Even Taylor's childhood was surrounded with romance, although at such a time he was not known as Taylor. It was a pseudonym that he adopted some years later—his stage name. He was born a Deane-Tanner.

The Deane-Tanner family is famous in Ireland. And, over it the hand of Fate seems to have hung heavily for generations. Records show that tragedy, violence, mystery followed the Deane-

Tanners with peculiar uncanniness and marked each of the sons indelibly.

The Los Angeles director—murdered in his bachelor apartment—was the son of Major William Deane-Tanner, of County Cork. In the father there was the same gallantry, the same desire for adventure that epitomized the life of the son. He was a constant, strong opponent of Irish home-rule—an old-line aristocrat—and many were the speeches he made from Unionist platforms.

Yet, while his father was an aristocrat, Taylor—or, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, as he was then known—was temperamentally a democrat.

As a child he was severely reprimanded by his father once for advocating democracy among the employees of Maj. Tanner's estate at Mallow, and when the stern parent once imposed a hardship upon young William's personal groom the youth surprised his family by announcing that hereafter he would attend to the full care of his horse himself.

Family tradition decreed that William would study either medicine or law or engineering. The youth, on the other hand, secretly rebelled. Once he threatened to join a company of strolling players. His father's influence was brought to bear, however, and he was returned to school.

Again, when Maj. Tanner discovered that his son was sponsoring an amateur theatrical "repertoire" company which comprised a group of Mallow's humble peasantry, he threatened to disinherit William if such unwonted actions were continued.

Then, for the first time, young Deane-Tanner tried to enlist in the British army. He was not exactly robust, however. The surgeons returned him to his home and told him he had a bad heart, and he secretly rebelled again and determined to live his own life as he chose.

(Continued from page 8)



Ready to start for
work at the Lasky
Studios

An Intimate Story of the Gish



KENNETH ALEXANDER PHOTO

"Movie Weekly" presents herewith an authentic story of the fascinatingly interesting lives of the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy. Theirs is a true romance of the stage, a tale of how two little children, who made their own way as child actresses, blossomed into talented motion picture stars. Of interviews with the Gishes there have been many. But of genuinely informative and detailed stories of their careers there have been none, heretofore. Few novels have had a theme so powerful as this tale of real life, in which two frail girls win honors and riches for themselves, unaided.

TO appreciate Lillian and Dorothy Gish, you have to meet them. And to appreciate their life stories you must hear it from their lips. Imagine then that you are sitting on a lounge in a sunny apartment room, facing Park Avenue, in New York. At your right, perched on a little chair is Lillian, just as slender, as wistfully beautiful as in any of the pictures in which you have seen her play. Opposite you, seated in a rocker, is Dorothy, vivacious, spirited Dorothy, who has made you laugh so many times with her quaint mannerisms. Lillian is poised, her voice clear, her speech even, balanced. Dorothy is too filled with exuberance, too nervously active, to be satisfied with saying one thing at a time. Words spurt from her, bump into one another. She laughs infectiously. She likes to tell stories, and tells them, one after another. Lillian supplies the details.

In the background stands Mrs. George Klatch, their lifelong friend, a widowed school teacher from Massillon, Ohio, their old home town. In an adjoining room lies their beloved mother, seriously ill. A tea-wagon stands before you. Mrs. Klatch pours. Lillian sips. Dorothy brings in some ice cream which she purchased at the corner drug store.

And they tell you their tale.

"We were born in Ohio, but I suppose you know that," Lillian begins. "I was born in Dayton..."

"And I was born in Springfield," Dorothy chimes in.

"But we always consider Massillon our home town. Ohioans always stick together. They have a sort of state consciousness. You never meet anyone you know in New York. And I don't know many people in Dayton. But when we walk down the street in Massillon, everyone speaks to us. That is why we always think of it as our home town.

"Mamma was a widow at twenty-three. It's pretty hard to be left alone in the world, with two small children, when you are only twenty-three, but that is the job that mamma had to undertake. So we were whisked off and out of Ohio and went on the stage, and that is all there is to it."

And that, in a few words, is all there was to it. But back of that brief statement lies the story. Lillian went to school for a while in Ohio, but when the possibilities of earning a livelihood by means of the stage had been explored, good fortune enabled the girls to make their start. That start is misty now with time, for they were very small children when they first appeared before the footlights.

"Let's see... My first play was 'In Convict's Stripes.' You know, that was the day of the good old melodrama, and every melodrama, no matter what it's story was about, had to have a stage child in it. So, by visiting the agents' offices often enough, we always had engagements."

"Tell the story about the dummy, dear," Dorothy suggested.

"Oh, yes, that's a good one. You see, I had never been on the stage before and I guess that was responsible for what happened. According to the story, I was supposed to be taken by the villain into the bottom of a well, and a fierce struggle was to take place between the villain and the hero on the stage. In the middle of the struggle, a charge of dynamite was to go off (supposedly, of course), and a dummy was to have been cast up out of the well.

"The stage director didn't want to frighten me, so in the rehearsals before the show opened, the dynamite was left out. But at the first

DOROTHY GISH as SHE IS TODAY.



LILLIAN GISH and HER BELOVED MOTHER DEARS a PRECIOUSLY DEAR PICTURE so LILLIAN & the FIRST TIME IT HAS EVER BEEN PUBLISHED.

MATZENE PHOTO



DOROTHY PORTRAYS the ROLE OF A LITTLE NEWSBOY in ONE OF HER EARLY STAGE PLAYS.

Girls Triumphant Careers

performance the play went on, I was put in the well, the villain and the hero started to fight it out. And then the dynamite went off. Up went the dummy, and out went the child, both at the same time. I was so frightened by the unexpected explosion that I forgot all about cues, instructions and everything else. The audience had a hearty laugh, and the scene was the hit of the show."

But all was not humor in those days. Weeks and weeks of one-night stands made life interesting but arduous for the children. They slept wherever sleep overtook them. Lillian related how she once tumbled off to dreamland on a telegraph counter. But always, through all those years when they should have been playing, their mother watched over them.

"There never was such a mother before or since," Lillian put in. "When she fell ill last year we just didn't know what to do. She never quite realized that we had grown up. And it seems as though Mrs. Klatch was sent to us to take her place while she is ill."

"Yes," Dorothy added. "Mrs. Klatch needed us, and we needed her. Her life was broken up. Her husband, who was a lawyer in Massillon, died, and she had no one in the world to look to except ourselves. Since we asked her to come to us, she has been with us everywhere, on our trips, at our home. We just couldn't get along without her."

Dorothy pondered. "But we were always treated splendidly by the stage folks who knew us when we were children," she continued. "No matter how much they wanted to curse, they always kept profanity corked up when we were around. I remember one actor in whose company I played, who also acted as manager for the company. He had a furious temper and would often fly off into tantrums. I would hear him yelling at someone in his dressing room. Then I would knock. He would shout: 'Come in!' and although he would be boiling over

he wouldn't say a word until I left. And as I walked away, I would hear him boiling over again.

"My particular sweetheart in those days was Fiske O'Hara, in whose company I played. He would always take me out to dinner on my birthday, and he promised he would marry me when I grew up. And I believed him. Then one day I learned he had been married. Mamma said I should go up to him and congratulate him, and I did. But you can imagine me going up and saying:

"Mr. O'Hara, I—I wish you many happy returns of the day!' with tears in my voice. I really was all upset when he got married."

"You'd better say how old you were, Dorothy," Lillian suggested.

"Well," Dorothy confessed, "I was just seven years old then."

The girls were bubbling now with reminiscences of their days on the stage.

"I remember when mamma brought me a clipping in which they called me a clever little comedienne," she said. "I didn't like that a bit; in fact, I cried about it."

"The funny thing about Dorothy is that she never was a comedienne," Lillian explained. "We used to call her 'Grandmother Gish' when she was a little tot, because she was so prim."

"Yes, folks think that I must be a funny person because I always play humorous roles," Dorothy went on. "But I'm not a bit like that in real life."

(Continued on page 22)



LILLIAN GISH
DECLARED BY MANY
PEOPLE TO BE
OUR GREATEST
EMOTIONAL
ACTRESS



LILLIAN
AS A WEE
BIT OF A TOT
SNAPPED IN
HER
NURSERY
at
MASSILLON
OHIO

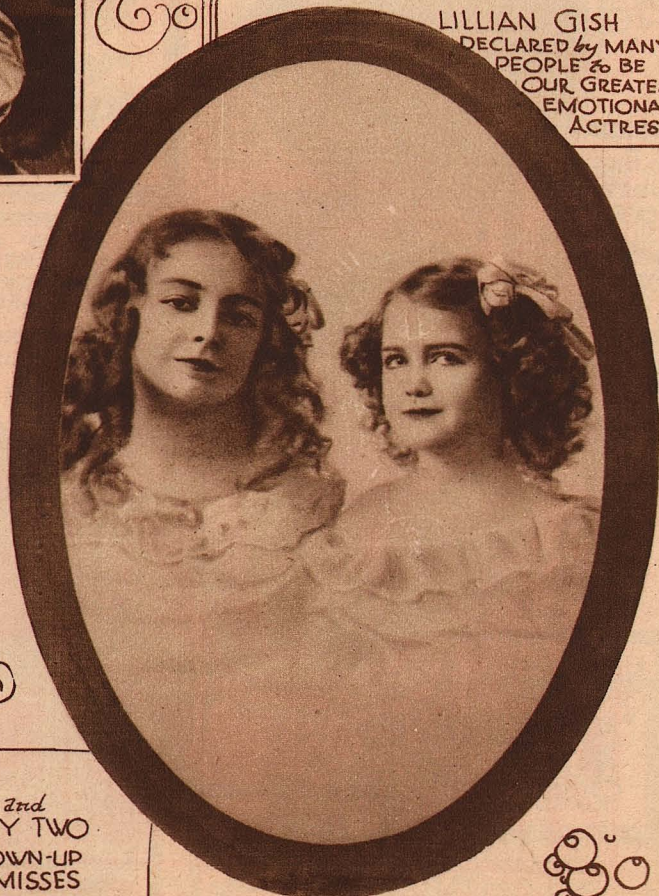


ROCKWOOD
PHOTO

EVEN at THE AGE
OF FIVE DOROTHY
HAD A CERTAIN IMP-
ISHLY SERIOUS EXP-
RESSION in HER EYES

and
AROUND HER MOUTH

LILLIAN and
DOROTHY TWO
VERY GROWN-UP
YOUNG MISSES



Chewing Gum—Is It

The stars put the "spear" in the "mint," but

FOREWORD:

"A man may have no bad habits—and have worse!"

That's what Mark Twain said once. So in this serious and penetrating investigation as to whether our favorite film stars have fallen victim to the great American vice, please bear kindly in mind the charitable reflection of the famous Twain.

MERCY! What a terrible question! Why, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing! Absolutely no class! Will you have a cigarette?"

That's what Nazimova said, when I inquired about the chewing gum habit and whether she ever indulged.

"No, absolutely no," declared Pauline Frederick. "I don't suppose chewing gum would ruin one's soul, but I don't think it's done by anybody with pretensions to refinement."

So that's that.

"Only when I go to a circus!"

That's the extent of Bebe Daniels' indulgence, according to her word. "With the pink lemonade and soda pop and the peanuts and everything all 'round, with the smell of the circus animals in the air, and the sawdust under foot—well, it just wouldn't be curious without chewing gum, that's all. Now, would it?"

"When I sink to the depths of shooting the chutes and rolling on the roller-coaster, as I occasionally acknowledge I do, then, indeed, the lowly chewing gum appeals to me, I admit. Then—sh!—I chew up a whole package in an evening. But I hide the evidences of my crime! I swallow it!"

Ruth Roland sparkled her eyes at me as she made the admission. Then she put on her best interviewee manner. "But it's a dirty habit!" she said severely. "Don't ever let me catch you, a dignified writer, doing it!"

So I hastily parked my own professional chewing gum in a waste-basket and went my way.

"What kind of a devil do you think I am, anyhow?" demanded Katherine MacDonald.

"No," she went on. "I don't chew gum. It never seemed necessary to me, somehow, strange as that

Wrigleyized by

may seem to you. To tell you the truth, I think it's the very most revolting habit in the world. How any sweet, nice, dainty girl can—"

That would be about all. (Editorial follow-up from headquarters: A prop boy says Katherine MacDonald only stops chewing gum when she's actually working before the camera. ???)

"Why, of course not!" cried Claire Windsor indignantly. "Think how awful it makes a girl look!"

"Lips that touch chewing gum shall never touch mine!"

That's how Constance Talmadge feels about the chewing gum habit. "I hate to see a man chewing gum even more than I hate to see a woman," went on Connie. "Somehow it makes a man look even more coarse and common than a woman."

"I'll tell you a story that entirely illustrates my viewpoint on the gum-chewing habit," answered the always rather cryptic Norma Talmadge.

"The other day my car broke down, and I boarded a street car to go a remaining block or two, as I was in a hurry to do some shopping. A woman and a little girl sat near me. The little girl was chewing gum audibly and uproariously. Her mother grabbed her and shook her. 'Here,' she exclaimed to the child, 'Stop making that noise! Can't you chew your gum like a lady?'"

"Would you really like to know how I came to be dragged down, down to Wrigley, Spearmint, Blackjack depths?" asked Priscilla Dean. "Well, I'll tell you. My traducer was a fan. He sent me, one day last winter, a huge box of assorted gums. I had a long evening alone before me, my husband, Wheeler Oakman, having gone to the prize fights. I took one piece—ah, had it but been my last! But it wasn't! Next evening I took another. Now I'm a slave!"

"Seriously," went on Miss Dean, "I don't think it's a very nice habit. But when one is alone and the night is dark, well, may one not occasionally take a little nip of 'Juicy Fruit' or something?"

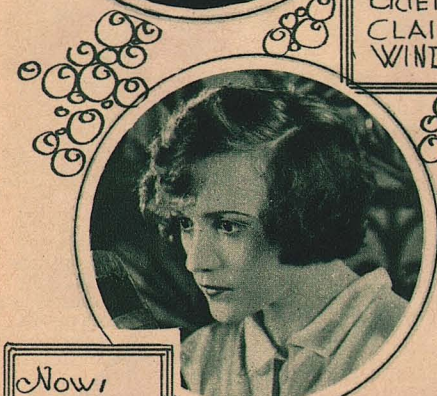
"I think the habit is just too disgusting for anything! Please don't talk to me about it! No



"I CHEW UP A WHOLE PACKAGE AN EVENING," CONFESSES RUTH ROLAND



"WHY, OF COURSE NOT!" CRIED CLAIRE WINDSOR



NOW, JUST WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE CONNIE THINKS ABOUT IT?



PRISCILLA DEAN CHUCKLES AT HERSELF



A PICTURE OF GLORIA SWANSON WHEN SHE GAVE HER OPINION OF CHEWING GUM.

NAZIMOVA EXCLAIMS "MERCY, WHAT A TERRIBLE QUESTION!"



NORMA HASN'T MUCH USE FOR CHEWING GUM



Being Done in the Best Film Circles

most of them do it with unkindly intent!

Grace Kingsley

lady would chew gum. I wonder how a magazine ever sent out such an absurd question."

It was Gloria Swanson speaking.

"The film actress," she went on, "above all should set an example of daintiness, refinement, good manners; for the young girls with whom she comes in contact always use her as an example."

"A lady," said the gentle Madge Bellamy, "is born a lady. I think that even if a lady did happen to chew a piece of gum once in a while, she would be ashamed of herself. Personally I don't like gum. I'm a Southerner and I reckon maybe I'm a bit too lazy to chew gum even if I did like it."

"I'll tell you something. I don't think you ought to print it, but I suppose you will. Sometimes when I have a whole bushel of play manuscripts to read, I send Rudey, my husband, out to get me a stick of chewing gum. Those manuscripts make me so nervous! If you had to read some of them, you would agree the stories in them are enough to drive a person to drink, let alone innocent chewing gum!"

That's how Anita Stewart disposed of the question. "Have you any about?" she added.

Of course such a stately lady as Alice Terry never would chew gum!

"There's just one occasion when I do, though," she admitted. "That's sometimes when I get a new role to read over, and I'm trying to characterize and visualize. Chewing a bit of gum seems to help one to concentrate."

"I suppose all athletes chew gum," said Mabel Normand. "Occasionally in doing an athletic stunt, like riding the bicycle in 'Molly-O,' or running a long distance to keep in training, I chew gum. I have been offered a good deal of money to stand for chewing gum ads, but so far I've stood out against them. Not that I think chewing gum is going to destroy one's soul or anything like that."

Tsuru Aoki, the wife of Sessue Hayakawa, and herself a noted player, said: "Of course chewing gum is an American habit, pure and simple. I'm proud to be an American—but I don't chew gum!"

Who says the Japanese are not masters of diplomacy?

"If I liked chewing gum, I should doubtless chew it, let the wrappers fall where they might! But, as it happens, I don't."

So said Helen Ferguson, one of the stars of "Hungry Hearts."

"How these odd Americans do eat gum!" exclaimed Enid Bennett. "Dear me, no, I should say I don't eat it!"

"I can't chew gum calmly and unimpassionedly, so I don't chew it at all," contributed Jane Novak.

"Well, I've been interviewed on every subject under the sun except chewing gum," exclaimed Doris May. "Why this holding out of the chewing gum subject on us until now? No, my conscience is clear. I don't chew gum. But let me tell you something: my little brother does! He seems to enjoy it, too."

Betty Compson is dreadfully set against the awful habit.

"My goodness, no, I don't chew gum!" exclaimed Betty. "Why should I?"

Well, there's no answer to that. But she softened it a little:

"I suppose I might just as easily have become a gum chewer as not, though. We never know what might happen to us, do we? Seriously, I think chewing gum detracts so greatly from the prettiest girl's appearance that I wonder how in the world any girl with a mirror in her possession could do such a thing."

"Of course I'm not going to say I don't know what chewing gum feels like," declared Colleen Moore, "in some weak moment, all of us have fallen for it. But I must say it isn't at all a nice thing to do, and I hope in time to be able to say proudly, holding up my right hand, 'No, I never taste the vile stuff!'"

"Do you want to know what I think?" asked Leatrice Joy. "I think Will Rogers is the only person in the world who can chew gum and get away with it!"



AND THREE CHEERS FOR MABEL NORMAND, SHE TENDERS the SUGGESTION - "CHEWING A BIT OF GUM HELPS ONE TO CONCENTRATE."



ANITA STEWART DECLARES SHE'S ONE WITH the MOTLEY CROWD



BEBE DANIELS CHEWS GUM ONLY WHEN SHE GOES TO A CIRCUS

MADGE BELLAMY, WHO, ADMITTING SHE IS A SOUTHERN GIRL, SAYS, "MAYBE I'M A BIT TOO LAZY to CHEW GUM, EVEN IF I DID LIKE IT"

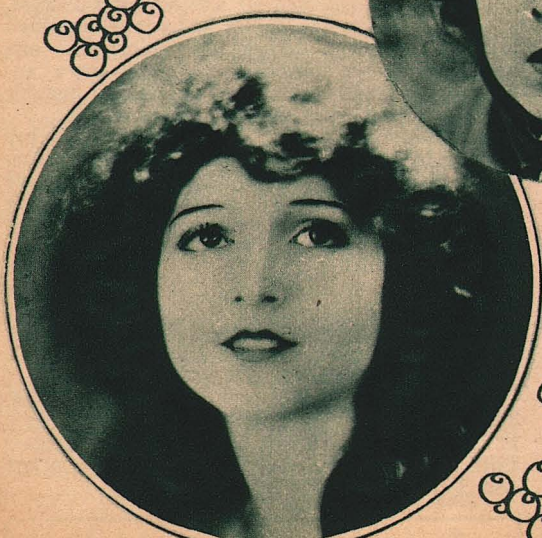


"IT ISN'T A NICE THING TO DO," GRITTED COLLEEN MOORE, DENOUNCING THE CHEWING GUM HABIT.



WELL LAUGHED LITTLE DORIS MAY, "I'VE BEEN INTERVIEWED ON EVERY SUBJECT UNDER the SUN, EXCEPT CHEWING GUM BUT, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING"

"MY GOODNESS NO," EXCLAIMED BETTY COMPSON, "I DON'T CHEW GUM, WHY SHOULD I?"



The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life

(Continued from page 3)

Stars Directed by Taylor

For some months thereafter he lived separate from his family in a small caretaker's house on the Tanner estate where he alternately studied and wrote and completed a play which, however, never saw the light of production.

It is traditional for sons of upper-class England to be educated at the classical colleges, therefore the lad was sent to Clifton College for preparatory work in engineering.

"But I don't wish to be an engineer!" he kept protesting. "I would rather—"

He was never allowed to utter the word. It galled his family to think that he should look forward to the stage as a career. His mother was afraid he would marry an actress; his father revolted at the thought that anyone of his heritage should wear grease paint and crepe hair.

In accordance with the utmost wishes of his parents William enrolled in college—but not under the family name.

"I have changed my name," he wrote his mother, "because I do not wish to be shown any favoritism on account of my family. I want to rely on myself—my own exploits—the same as any other man who does not happen to be backed by family."

It was then that he assumed the name of William Desmond Taylor. And, strange to say, the family did not register objections, recognizing for the first time this manifestation of his indomitable spirit.

At college Taylor conducted himself very much after the fashion of Tom Brown at Oxford. During his first year he was a "fag" for a coterie of the older students, to whose whims he catered faithfully. His second year, however, showed him to be a champion of his under-classmates,

and his democratic utterances on various occasions caused a sensation in the school.

"I hate this life," he wrote to his family. "It is one of prudery—silly snobbery and mawkish sophistry."

Even the rigid routine of Clifton failed to kill his ambitions for theatricals. He became acquainted with various actors. Their life appealed to him. Not being a rampant idealist he did not particularly believe in the so-called "romance" of the theatre, for, to him, it was a business-like venture in which he found himself tremendously interested.

Between his courses at Clifton he sojourned on the Continent. For a time he was a resident of the student *quartier* of Paris, the life of which, however, did not particularly appeal to him.



Mary McElwain

which the English star, Sir Charles Hawtrey, was *en tour*.

Between the acts, his friend took Taylor back stage. It was his first time "in the wings" of a really first-rate company. He was interested in everything he saw, and finally, when he was presented to Sir Charles, he asked for employment in the company.

He was inexperienced, vastly verdant, in the ways of the theatre. Yet he had the appearance and mannerisms of a born actor. Hawtrey subjected him to a somewhat critical test and made him read lines from a play he had never seen before.

When he had finished, however, the star complimented him—and agreed to take him to London with the company. After a series of arduous rehearsals, Taylor finally stepped onto the stage of the Avenue Theatre in his makeup. He played two parts. In the first act he was an old man and wore a heavy, grey beard. During the second act, however, he had a romantic, juvenile role—a mere bit.

This London engagement was almost a success. It would have been if Taylor had not relinquished his first act beard. After the performance one night visitors to his dressing room were announced—friends of his family. He had qualms, for he realized what their discovery meant.

He entertained them. They promised to say nothing to his father about his stage appearance. In another week, however, Maj. Tanner himself arrived at the theatre, violently angry. When he asked for his son, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner—a member of the company—the doorkeeper shook his head and refused him admittance because, he said, there was no such actor in the cast.

"But he's my son!" roared the irate parent, "and you'll let me see him or I'll have the King's army blow this place to pieces!"

A merry scene took place, with the doorkeeper holding the stage entrance reverently. For once in his life Maj. Tanner found himself successfully opposed. Presently the stage door opened and Taylor emerged.

The remainder of the great life story of William D. Taylor will appear in next week's issue.

Mary Miles Minter



Elsie Ferguson

"I am not a good Bohemian," Mr. Taylor reminisced, one evening shortly before his death, "I'm too practical."

And, to change his venue, he crossed the border into Germany, wandered for a time through the Teuton cities of Munich, Leipzig and Berlin—and finally settled himself for a term in Heidelberg with his studies.

Shortly after his eighteenth birthday he was again in Manchester, working on an engineering project. Maj. Tanner, his father, urged him to join the engineering forces of His Majesty's army. And again came the examiners' report that, physically, he was unfit.

To please his family and to satisfy himself that he *could* master a vocation even though it were unpleasant for him, the young Taylor continued engineering. One evening, at a supper party, an actor friend of his suggested that Taylor accompany him to a performance of "The Private Secretary," a popular stage success in

Norma Talmadge~

FORTUNE TELLER

Read Your Fortune in the Tea Cup

THE TEA LEAVES TELL TALES

THE ritual to be observed is very simple. The inquirer should drink the contents of her cup, leaving about a teaspoonful of fluid in the bottom. With the left hand, she must take the cup and swing it round three times from left to right inverting the cup on the saucer and thus allowing the liquid to drain off. After a minute the cup is lifted, and the leaves will be found dispersed over the inside surface of the cup in curious mystic formations.

The handle of the cup is held by the diviner. The bottom, being farthest away, represents the remoter future, the sides, events not so far distant, and matters symbolized near the rim, those that may occur soon. The nearer the character approaches the handle the nearer to fulfillment are the events they portend.

Look at the cup from all angles when reading. In this way a greater number of figures will be seen. When the symbols are standing by themselves, the omen is favorable, but when they are surrounded by thick grounds or dust, the contrary is sometimes indicated, or at least disturbance and delay in the fulfilling.

Sticks represent people, their color and length indicating whether fair or dark, tall or short. If they lie upright, they are friends, but if crosswise, they are enemies. If thick grounds are round or near the figure, bad news may be expected. Grounds bunched together without being near a figure or symbol indicate that money may be expected.

Small specks in the old days meant news, and in these times represent letters by post, varying as regards time, length and importance, according to the position and size of the speck. If the letter is in a clear part of the cup, the news will be friendly and pleasant, but if in a misty part, beware of lawyers' letters and unfortunate news. Initials, of course, hold much meaning, and when deciphered may be taken to refer to a person or place in connection with the nearest symbolized picture in the cup. Numbers are also to be read in conjunction with the nearby symbol.

WHAT THE SYMBOLS MEAN

Abbey—Future ease and freedom from worry.
Acorn—Improvement in health, continued health, strength and good fortune.
Aeroplane or Aircraft—Unsuccessful projects.
Anchor—A lucky sign; success in business and constancy in love.
Angel—Good news, especially good fortune in love.
Arch—A journey abroad.
Axe—Difficulties overcome.
Bat—Fruitless journeys or tasks.
Birds—A lucky sign; good news if flying, if at rest, a fortunate journey.
Boat—A visit from a friend.
Bouquet—One of the luckiest of symbols; staunch friends, success, a happy marriage.
Bridge—A favorable journey.
Bush—An invitation into society.

Cannon—Good fortune.
Car (Motor) and Carriage—Approaching wealth; visits from friends.

Castle—Unexpected fortune or a legacy.

Cat—Difficulties caused by treachery.

Cattle—Prosperity.

Charabanc—Prosperity in all undertakings; if empty, a present of silver.

Church—A legacy.

Circles—Money or presents.

Clouds—Serious trouble; if surrounded by dots, financial success.

Coffin—A sign of death of a near relation or great friend.

Dog—A favorable sign; faithful friends.

Dove—Progress in prosperity and affection.

Elephant—A luck sign; good health.

Fish—Good news from abroad; if surrounded by dots, emigration.

Flowers—Good fortune, success; a happy marriage.

Gallows—A sign of good luck.

Goat—A sign of enemies, and of misfortune to a sailor.

Gun—A sign of discord and slander.

Hammer—Triumph over adversity.

Hand—To be read in conjunction with neighboring symbols and according to what it points.

Harp—Marriage, success in love.

Hat—Success in life.

Heart—Pleasure to come; if surrounded by dots, through money; if accompanied by a ring, through marriage.

Horse—Desires fulfilled through a prosperous journey.

Horshoe—A lucky journey.

House—Success in business.

Ivy—Honor and happiness through faithful friends.

Jug—Good health.

Kettle—Death.

Key—Money, increasing trade, and a good husband or wife.

Knife—A warning of disaster through quarrels and enmity.

Ladder—A sign of travel.

Lines—Indicate journeys and their direction, read in conjunction with other signs of travel; wavy lines denote troublesome journeys or losses therein.

Lion—Greatness through powerful friends.

Man—A visitor arriving.

Mermaid—Misfortune, especially to seafaring persons.

Mitre—A sign of honor to a clergyman or through religious agency.

Monkey—The consultant will be deceived in love.

Moon—Prosperity and fortune.

Mountain—Powerful friends; many mountains, equally powerful enemies.

Mouse—Danger of poverty through theft or swindling.

Mushroom—Sudden separation of lovers after a quarrel.

(Continued next week)



A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA
by POFFER

THINGS you wouldn't suspect coming straight from the Stars

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

I'm not an outdoor girl. Don't you ever dare say I am. I pose for pictures for this sort of thing, of course, for publicity, but I loathe the outdoor stuff. I like a comfortable library and music room and lots of people around me. As for solitary walks I wouldn't take them as gifts. I couldn't sail a boat to save my life, and I don't want to. But the deadliest bore of all is golf.

ANTONIO MORENO

I suppose I'm what you call one of those red-blooded actors. But I get enough of it in pictures. When I'm not working, I like the theatre. And I must admit I like a good boxing bout. But I don't go in for athletics myself any more than I have to to keep in trim. I like to dance, but I hate sailing a boat. I want somebody else to do it for me. I'm not one of those people who think work is more fun than fun is.

BEBE DANIELS

I like children well enough, but I'm not crazy about them. I take a great fancy to a youngster once in a while, to be sure, but I suppose everybody does that. I don't read high-brow books all the time when I'm not working. In fact,

I'd rather flirt any time.

NORMA TALMADGE

No, I don't cook. What's more I don't want to. If ever you see me with a kitchen apron on, posing as cooking, you're to realize from this time thenceforth that it's pure hokum—one of the things the publicity man makes me do.

And I don't care a cent about what the highbrows think of me. I want the real love of real folks down in the tough wards.



THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Captain Selwyn, retired, returns from the Philippines to find his divorced wife received everywhere in society, while many of his friends have forgotten him. He finds solace in the love of his sister's children. His sister sings the praises of Eileen, her husband's beautiful ward.

Selwyn gives Eileen's brother a check which Gerald makes over to Selwyn's divorced wife. Eileen tells Selwyn that his sister is anxious to have her marry, but announces her determination of never becoming a bride. At his sister's request, Selwyn dines with Eileen and Nina's daughter, Drina. After dinner he stays to talk with Eileen. The two discuss their manner toward each other, and Selwyn discovers more than a child in Eileen. At his room, he is visited by Mrs. Ruthven, his former wife. They discover they still care for each other, despite divorce; but agree that there is no hope in the situation.

Winter fades away. Spring blossoms into being. The Gerard family go to Silverside. Eileen and Selwyn drift apart from the rest to go fishing. They speak of marriage and Selwyn vows Eileen shall not wed without his consent. The girl twists the talk so that Selwyn is forced to propose that she wed him.

Selwyn demonstrates his new explosive which is successful. He refuses an offer for it, preferring to offer it to the Government. Later he goes canoeing with Gladys Orchil and Eileen becomes jealous.

Nina tells Selwyn that Mrs. Ruthven, his former wife, is being divorced from her husband. Later he talks with Eileen and tells her that he loves her. She repulses him gently and asks that they remain friends. They are found by Nina who carries Eileen off to dress.

EVEN before Neergard's illness Ruthven's domestic and financial affairs were in a villainous mess. Rid of Neergard, he had meant to deal him a crashing blow at the breakaway which would settle him for ever and incidentally bring to a crisis his own status in regard to his wife.

Whether or not his wife was mentally competent he did not know; he did not know anything about her. But he meant to. Selwyn's threat, still fairly fresh in his memory, had given him no definite idea of Alixe, her whereabouts, her future plans, and whether or not her mental condition was supposed to be permanently impaired or otherwise.

That she had been, and probably now was, under Selwyn's protection he believed; what she and Selwyn intended to do he did not know. But he wanted to know; he dared not ask Selwyn—dared not, because he was horribly afraid of Selwyn; dared not yet make a legal issue of their relations, of her sequestration, or of her probable continued infirmity, because of his physical fear of the man.

But there was—or he thought that there had been—one way to begin the matter, because the matter must sooner or later be begun: and that was to pretend to assume Neergard responsible; and, on the strength of his wife's summer sojourn aboard the *Aiobara*, turn on Neergard and demand a reckoning which he believed Selwyn would never hear of, because he did not suppose Neergard dared defend the suit, and would sooner or later compromise. Which would give him what he wanted to begin with, money, and the entering wedge against the wife he meant to be rid of in one way or another, even if he had to swear out a warrant against Selwyn before he demanded a commission to investigate her mental condition.

Ruthven was too deadly afraid of Selwyn to begin suit at that stage of the proceedings. All he could do was to start, through his attorneys, a search for his wife, and meanwhile try to formulate some sort of definite plan in regard to Gladys Orchil; for if that feather-brained youngster went abroad in the spring he meant to follow her and not only have the Atlantic between him and Selwyn when he began final suit for freedom, but also be in a position to ride off any of the needy household cavalry who might come carolling and cavorting too close to the young girl he had selected to rehabilitate the name, fortune, and house of Ruthven.

This, in brief, was Ruthven's general scheme of campaign; and the entire affair had taken some sort of shape, and was slowly beginning to move, when Neergard's illness came as an absolute check, just

as the first papers were about to be served on him.

There was nothing to do but wait until Neergard got well, because his attorneys simply scoffed at any suggestion of settlement *ex curia*, and Ruthven didn't want a suit involving his wife's name while he and Selwyn were in the same hemisphere.

But he could still continue an unobtrusive search for the whereabouts of his wife, which he did. And the chances were that his attorneys would find her without great difficulty, because Selwyn had not the slightest suspicion that he was being followed.

In these days Selwyn's life was methodical and colourless in its routine to the verge of dreariness.

When he was not at the Government proving grounds on Sandy Hook he remained in his room at Lansing's doggedly forcing himself into the only alternate occupation sufficient to dull the sadness of his mind—the preparation of a history of British military organization in India, and its possible application to present conditions in the Philippines.

He had given up going out—made no further pretense; and Boots let him alone.

Once a week he called at the Gerards', spending most of his time while there with the children. Sometimes he saw Nina and Eileen, usually just returned or about to depart for some function; and his visit, as a rule, ended with a cup of tea alone with Austin, and a quiet cigar in the library, where Kit-Ki sat, paws folded under, approving of the fireside warmth in a pleasurable monotone.

On such evenings, late, if Nina and Eileen had gone to a dance, or to the opera with Boots, Austin, ruddy with well-being and shamelessly slipped, stretched luxuriously in the fire warmth, lazily discussing what was nearest to him—his children and wife, and the material comfort which continued to attend him with the blessing of that heaven which seems so largely occupied in fulfilling the desires of the good for their own commercial prosperity.

Too, he had begun to show a peculiar pride in the commercial development of Gerald, speaking often of his gratifying application to business, the stability of his modest position, the friends he was making among men of substance, their regard for him.

"Not that the boy is doing much of a business yet," he would say with a tolerant shrug of his big fleshy shoulders, "but he's laying the foundation for success—a good, upright, solid foundation—with the doubtful scheming of Neergard left out"—at that time Neergard had not yet gone to pieces, physically—"and I expect to aid him when aid is required, and to extend to him, judiciously, such assistance, from time to time, as I think he may require . . . There's one thing—"

Austin puffed once or twice at his cigar and frowned; and Selwyn, absently watching the dying embers on the hearth, waited in silence.

"One thing," repeated Austin, reaching for the tongs and laying a log of white birch across the coals; "and that is Gerald's fondness for pretty girls. . . . Not that it isn't all right, too, but I hope he isn't going to involve himself—hang a millstone around his neck before he can see his way clear to some promise of a permanent income based on—"

"Pooh!" said Selwyn.

"What's that?" demanded Austin, turning red.

Selwyn laughed. "What did you have when you married my sister?"

Austin, still red and dignified, said:

"Your sister is a very remarkable woman—extremely unusual. I had the good sense to see that the first time I ever met her."

"Gerald will see the same thing when his time comes," said Selwyn quietly. "Don't worry, Austin; he's sound at the core."

Austin considered his cigar-end, turning it round and round. "There's good stock in the boy; I always knew it—even when he acted like a yellow pup. You see, Phil, that my treatment of him was the proper treatment. I was right in refusing to mollycoddle him or put up with any of his callow, unbaked impudence. You know yourself that you wanted me to let up on him—make all kinds of ex-

cuses. Why, man, if I had given him an inch leeway he'd have been up to his ears in debt. But I was firm. He saw I'd stand no fooling. He didn't dare contract debts which he couldn't pay. So now, Phil, you can appreciate the results of my attitude toward him."

"I can, indeed," said Selwyn thoughtfully.

"I think I've made a man of him," persisted Austin.

"He's certainly a manly fellow," nodded Selwyn. "You admit it?"

"Certainly, Austin."

"Well, I'm glad of it. You thought me harsh—oh, I know you did!—but I don't blame you. I knew what I was about. Why, Phil, if I hadn't taken the firm stand I took that boy would have been running to Nina and Eileen—he did go to his sister once, but he never dared try it again!—and he'd probably have borrowed money of Neergard and—by Jove! he might even have come to you to get him out of his scrapes!"

"Oh, scarcely that," protested Selwyn with grave humour.

"That's all you know about it," nodded Austin, wise-eyed, smoking steadily. "And all I have to say is that it's fortunate for everybody that I stood my ground when he came around looking for trouble. For you're just the sort of a man, Phil, who'd be likely to strip yourself if that young cub came howling for somebody to pay his debts of honour. Admit it, now; you know you are."

But Selwyn only smiled and looked into the fire. After a few moments' silence Austin said curiously: "You're a frugal bird. You used to be fastidious. Do you know that coat of yours is nearly the limit?"

"Nonsense," said Selwyn, colouring.

"It is. . . . What do you do with your money? Invest it, of course; but you ought to let me place it. You never spend any; you should have a decent little sum tucked away by this time. Do your Chaosite experiments cost anything now?"

"No; the Government is conducting them."

"Good business. What does the bally Government think of the powder, now?"

"I can't tell yet," said Selwyn listlessly. "There's a plate due to arrive to-morrow; it represents a section of the side armour of one of the new 22,000-ton battleships. . . . I hope to crack it."

"Oh!—with a bursting charge?"

Selwyn nodded, and rested his head on his hand. A little later Austin cast the remains of his cigar from him, straightened up, yawned, patted his waistcoat, and looked wisely at the cat.

"I'm going to bed," he announced. "Boots is to bring back Nina and Eileen. . . . You don't mind, do you, Phil? I've a busy day to-morrow."

There's Scotch over there—you know where things are. Ring if you have a sudden desire for anything funny like peacock feathers on toast. There's cold grouse somewhere underground if you're going to be an owl. . . . And don't feed that cat on the rugs. . . . Good-night."

"Good-night," nodded Selwyn, relighting his cigar.

He had no intention of remaining very long; he supposed that his sister and Eileen would be out late, wherever they were, and he merely meant to dream a bit longer before going back to bed.

He had been smoking for half an hour perhaps, lying deep in his chair, worn features dully illuminated by the sinking fire; and he was thinking about going—had again relighted his partly consumed cigar to help him with its fragrant companionship on his dark route homeward, when he heard a footfall on the landing, and turned to catch a glimpse of Gerald in overcoat and hat, moving silently toward the stairs.

"Hello, old fellow!" he said, surprised. "I didn't know you were in the house."

The boy hesitated, turned, placed something just outside the doorway, and came quickly into the room.

"Philip!" he said with a curious, excited laugh,

(Continued from page 18)

How to Get Into the Movies

by
Mabel Normand

V. The Best School for Screen Study.

MANY girls have written to me about schools for motion picture acting. Several have had unfortunate experiences with persons who offered to teach them "the secrets of acting."

In the first place there are no "secrets" that I know of. And so far as I know there are no real schools for instructing in the art of screen technique.

In time, there may be such schools, but I doubt it. At present, there are none that I can recommend, and none that are endorsed by leading directors or stars of the industry. Therefore, beware of them.

If you have plenty of money, you may find it profitable to take a course at one of the reputable schools of dramatic art. There are two of three schools which have been established for a number of years and which can point to students who have gone from them to successful careers on the stage.

The same acting ability is required for the stage as for the screen except that the stage requires vocal training while the screen requires more facial expression. But both of them require the development of imagination, the ability to feel and to express feeling in an accurate and effective manner.

Most aspirants for screen careers have not the money, however, to spend on special training courses. For the few schools of dramatic art that are worth while are very expensive.

Experience is always a recommendation, and if a person can find an opening in a stock company or any other theatrical organization he should make the most of it. Work on the stage gives one poise and self-assurance. A great many successful screen stars have started on the stage—Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and others.

Still there are other stars who have gone directly to the studios and gained success.

Because the screen is developing a separate and distinctive art, I believe that the best way is to start as an "extra" in a studio.

But there are several courses which you may develop for yourselves in preparing for a career.

The best textbook of screen acting is the screen itself. By studying the work of leading players you can learn a great deal. I know that I can. If observing, you can learn what not to do as well as what to do.

Naturalness is the most important element in acting. To develop naturalness you must develop understanding of human nature. You must be able to determine just what a certain type of person would do in a certain situation.

In "Molly-O," for instance, I was given the

situation of a girl from the slums entering a beautiful and luxurious mansion. What would my feelings be as a washerwoman's daughter coming into a beautiful kitchen? I would be curious, of course, and very intent upon the surroundings. I must not affect curiosity, I must really feel curious. Then I saw the serving man taking cakes from a box and placing them on a plate. They were very good looking cakes, and naturally I developed interest in them. I wanted one terribly. For a moment my conscience argued with my appetite. I argued the thing over to myself. Then, suddenly, my hand shot into the jar and I



Mabel Normand in a scene from "Molly-O"

took one and stuffed it into my mouth as though doing it while my conscience wasn't looking. After the first cookie, the process was easier. I couldn't get enough of them. There were several emotions in conflict even in such a little scene.

The conflict of conscience and appetite, the fear of being apprehended, the delight at the first taste of a delicious cake such as I'd never tasted before, and the feverish haste with which I secured more of them and secreted them about myself.

It is very easy to do such things after the business has been thought out by the star and the director, but the important thing is to feel the impulses that prompt the action. You must place yourself entirely in the character's place and feel exactly what she would feel in such a

situation, otherwise your expressions would fall short of realism and be nothing but "mugging." While watching an actress going through a scene on the screen, ask yourself whether or not you would do the things that she does. If not, what would you do? How would you improve on her work? Wherein does her work ring false and why?

Reading is also a great aid toward developing an understanding of character. Endeavor to be the character that an author is depicting, to feel as such a character would feel, to express, if possible, the thoughts and sensations which she would express.

Reading also familiarizes you with the mental processes of people with whom you might never come in contact. And it may help you to understand those with whom you do come in contact.

Haven't you often found a character in fiction that reminded you of someone whom you know? Perhaps through that character you understood more clearly the sort of person your friend is, the reasons she does certain things which you would not do and the effects she creates by so doing.

Psychology, of course, is one of the most profitable studies for a person who would be an interpreter of human nature. It is the key by which you enter the characters of others and experience their emotions.

A writer once said that to be an artist you must become a fluid through which other lives may be pictured. In order to do this you must lose yourself in thinking of others, in contemplating them and striving to understand them.

A selfish person never could be a great artist because his thoughts turn inward and he loses sight of the things which he must see in order to portray.

A ceaseless pursuit of information and a constant observation of all that pertains to life—to such must you dedicate yourself if you are to become an artist.

Robert Louis Stevenson in his little book on how to write tells how he used to sit down on a curb and jot down sudden impressions or descriptions of objects which struck him as unusual.

An artist—Charlie Chaplin, for instance—is constantly absorbing. He sees the elaborate electrical equipment in a modern hotel which supplies you ingeniously with all sorts of service, and suddenly he conceives a comedy built about a world that runs entirely by electricity, where your every desire is satisfied by pressing a button. The idea is good. He puts it away in a corner of his mind. Perhaps he will use it later, or perhaps it will lead to other ideas for comedy business.

To prepare for a career in motion pictures you must develop your powers of observation, sensation and understanding. The schools that I endorse are the screen—the library—and life.

SECRETS OF THE MOVIES

VIII

THE first motion picture as we know it today was projected at Richmond, Ind., but it was not much of a success. They walked out on it.

A red-haired boy from Richmond had gone down to Washington and got a job as a clerk. He was also a camera-fiend and liked to tinker with tools. In the backyard of his boarding house he conducted experiments along the line of "animal locomotion" and when vacation time came he went back to his old home in Richmond, sending in advance a mysterious box.

When he arrived he got his father and mother,

a few neighborhood friends and the editor of the Richmond paper and asked them to come to his cousin's jewelry store. When they did they found the curtains drawn and a general air of mystery. The mysterious box was opened, a contact made with a passing trolley wire and suddenly the people gasped—a girl was dancing on the wall. And there wasn't any trick door to the wall, either. She was doing the then famous "Butterfly Dance," with the draperies of her attire fastened on the end of a stick that she could move more nearly approximate the movements of a butterfly should it suddenly feel that it must dance. Before the eyes of the good people the girl's skirts began going higher and higher. The

good sisters looked at their husbands—but the men folks were crowding forward on their seats. And the skirts went higher! The women nudged their husbands and nodded toward the door, but the husbands only moved slightly nearer. And the skirts continued their upward course. With this the good women, who had always known that Francis would come to some bad end down in the wicked city of Washington, got up and marched out—thus leaving the first motion picture exhibition in the history of the world.

The red-haired boy was C. Francis Jenkins, now a resident of Washington, D. C., and the time was June 6, 1894.

The First Motion Picture

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

Do any of us really wish to be at our worst?
Not if it can be helped—of course not.

To look fit and trim and vigorous requires more than a good supply of the best cosmetics. The fundamental necessity is personal efficiency which springs from good health. The first requirement of personal efficiency is normal weight.

There is only one sure test of normal weight: the state of energy and vitality that one enjoys. If you have strength and endurance, can work long and hard and never get sick, the chances are that your weight is practically right.

Still, the fact unfortunately remains that only a small percentage of people maintain their correct weight. Most of us are either too thin or too fat. Being too thin is safer and better than being too fat, but at the same time it often indicates a state of exhaustion and a lack of energy and efficiency.

The thin person sometimes—not so frequently these days as formerly—makes the mistake in thinking she wants more “fat,” but the truth is that what she wants is more health.

Normal health will give her normal weight.

Instead of putting on ten pounds of fat, you should put on twenty-five pounds of health.

To attain normal weight and the best of personal efficiency,

Selymar Wilkinson,
Pathe

ABOVE—
Mack Sennett
Bathing Girl

BELOW—
Fox Sunshine
Girls



BEAUTY PAGES

you must have a general physical culture program, an all-round health-building program.

In many instances the prime essential is not food, but sleep. Remember that what you most need is vitality and energy.

Sleep out-of-doors if you can; otherwise in a room with all windows open and preferably under conditions of quiet.

The next requirement is outdoor life—walking, gardening, chopping wood, piling wood, playing golf, or motoring. Don't say you have no time to spend outdoors. *Take* time. The outdoor exercises and air will enable you to sleep better.

Exercise is another essential to gain weight. We know of any number of instances in which those in poor health have taken up systematic exercise and have promptly gained in weight.

The fact that an all-around system of physical culture will build one up to normal weight is very well proven by the experience of the United States Army.

Army training is intended not to increase weight but to give men strength, endurance and general fitness.

In next week's article, I will give you in detail a physical culture system which I am sure will do you good if you follow it out.

(To be concluded)

Gladys Walton,
Universal

ABOVE—
Marie Prevost,
Sennett

Fox Sunshine
Girls



Hints to Scenario Writers

by Frederick Palmer



SCENARIO NOTE: Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.

Concerning Love Interest

A CONSTANTLY recurring question in photoplay writing is: "Must a photoplay contain a love affair to be successful?" The answer is: "Yes; excepting in rare instances."

The student of photoplay writing, however, must remember that while love is the greatest principle of life, it is not necessarily the fulcrum with which a dramatic plot is always directly motivated. Many of the greatest pictures produced have not contained the accepted "love story," yet at the same time have subtly conveyed a vital love theme.

There are as many kinds of love as there are persons in this world. The love of Anthony and Cleopatra, for instance, is not to be compared to the love that prompted Leander to swim the Hellespont that he might keep a date with his sweetheart, Hero. The love for Helen of Troy that caused Agamemnon to go forth with his legions to do battle in a war that well nigh brought to destruction an ancient race, is not comparable to the love that Louis XV had for Madame Pompadour, no more than would it be analagous with the faithful devotion of Mrs. Penelope Ulysses who waited so patiently for her travelling husband.

There is a popular belief that true love is generally to be found in the affaire-du-cœur between Sadie, the beautiful shop girl, and Percy, the millionaire's son. As a matter of fact, excepting in comedy-drama, this sort of love affair is decidedly lacking in dramatic possibilities. The love theme upon which is built a story of sacrifice, of misunderstanding, of simple devotion, is the one which will have the greatest appeal to an audience, no matter how greatly sophisticated. This fundamental was the secret of the success of "Humoresque," of "Way Down East," and a number of other powerful photodramas. In fact, it would be hard to name a really successful dramatic motion picture that has been constructed around a "flapper" romance.

"Mother love" is probably the strongest theme in dramatic construction, although one of these days some sincere screen dramatist is going to come along with a story of "father love" that will prove a smashing financial and artistic success. There is also a great unexplored field that may be termed "sister love"—the self-sacrificing love of one sister for another, or, for that matter, of one woman for a woman friend.

The screen dramatist who aspires to success will be very chary of the light, superficial adolescent love affair. It is a theme that has been greatly overworked, and only a well-established writer would be able to develop an angle thereof sufficiently novel to give it appeal.

Racial Prejudice

The wise photoplay writer of today will be exceedingly wary of anything that deals with foreign races. The big studios have from time to time rejected a large number of well written dramas, merely because they have placed Mongolians, or those of other races, in too close juxtaposition with Caucasians. It is regrettable, of course, that there should be such a thing in this world as racial prejudice, but it cannot be denied that there is something inherently repulsive to the average American audience in stories wherein other races are placed on equal footing with characters of their own nationality.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course. Some very beautiful romances may be woven about the "Land of the Cherry Blossoms," or the

steppes of Asia, but care should be taken that the atmosphere be in keeping with the subject matter at hand, and that if Caucasians are introduced into the drama they not only hold their own with those of other races, but emerge triumphant from whatever vicissitudes they encounter during the action of the play.

Western Stories

From time to time the cry goes forth that the day of the Western story is over. But despite this constantly recurring wail, the fact remains that a large number of them are being produced and that they invariably find an audience. Just so long as young Americans grow from boyhood and girlhood to maturity, just so long will there be a demand for virile, swiftly-moving, adventurous, out-of-door stories; and there is no better form in which to satisfy this demand than through well-done dramas of the picturesque West.

There are probably two Western plays produced today to one of any other variety. This brings before the writer a very difficult problem: How is he to find new ideas and new ways of treating them in a field that has apparently used up every situation and variation of the same that may be conceived?

I grant that this is indeed a hard question to answer. I believe, however, that Western stories that are "different" may still be written, and that the best way of obtaining this novelty of treatment is to be found in characterization. If you are about to write a drama of the West, look about you for some new character, invest him with a different personality from any Western hero that you have yet seen, place him in strong situations, and you will find that he will act differently than his predecessors. Considerable success has been achieved in this manner by a number of writers. There was nothing, for instance, startlingly new in the plots of "Sundown Slim" or "Overland Red," but at the same time the very unusual traits of character to be found in the leading role stamped both of these pictures as out of the ordinary, and, in consequence, they were financially and artistically successful.

Questions and Answers

Question: Is it plagiarism to use historical incidents in my story?—B. L.

Answer: The use of historical incidents constitutes a form of plagiarism. If acknowledgment is made of the source, however, the author is exonerated from this charge.

Question: How far may an author deviate from history in writing historical incidents?—S. R.

Answer: An author may deviate from strict historical requirements only to a slight degree, if he wishes to keep his material plausible and truthful. The historical story which is exaggerated or false does not find favor with either producer or audience.

Question: What is a "scene"?—M. R.

Answer: A scene is that part of the action taken without moving the camera. Every time the camera is moved, it constitutes a new scene.

Question: In describing a character is it necessary to explain about his facial expression, etc.?—T. S.

Answer: In describing a character so as to make him appear real to the reader it is not necessary to give his facial expression, except in unusual instances. Ordinarily it is plain from the action just how the character feels, and in writing of their feelings, their dress, etc., it is customary to use a narrative style similar to short story form, except that all descriptions should be extremely brief.

Question: How is it possible to find a novel situation?—O. E. R.

Answer: Since there are only thirty-six dramatic situations, it is obvious that these are used time and time again. It would not be wise, however, for you to take a situation out of a story you have read and use it in the same way, so that it would be apparent to one who had read the same story. When you see a situation that appeals to you, reduce it to its basic principles and you will find it possible to develop new and unusual twists to it, which may make a novel appeal.

Question: How may shadows or spirits be projected on the screen?—M. N.

Answer: It is possible to project shadows or spirits on the screen by means of double exposure, but this is a very arduous process from the studio standpoint. Such stories are not very popular with producers because of the difficulties encountered in filming them, and anything of this kind must be of unusual quality and have a strong appeal.

Question: Almost every screen story makes some use of "coincidence." Why, then, is coincidence considered to be an evidence of weak construction?—E. T.

Answer: Regarding the advisability of using coincidence or chance, it is perfectly true that many pictures have been produced that do not conform to all of the rules, and sometimes these pictures are good, sometimes bad. A really good picture may violate certain rules, if it is sufficiently strong and appealing. But also, it is apparent that often the violation of rules makes a picture inferior in quality.

Question: How much explanation, or sub-titling, is permissible in a detailed synopsis?—R. H. N.

Answer: A certain amount of explanation is of course necessary to make a story clear and understandable, and from this material sub-titles are often gleaned by the continuity writer, or the title writer, as the case may be, but this material should be restricted and not allowed to run away with the story, making it fictional narrative.

Question: My story contains incidents—for instance, a fight—that could be strung out for a full half reel, but the editor says it is lacking in action. Why?—L. V.

Answer: The reason is that you are studying photoplay writing, and you are not a known author as yet. For beginners, it is best to write stories replete with action that will not have to be "strung out" to make footage. The less effort a beginner's story causes the producers and the continuity writer, the more chance you have of selling it.

Question: My story contains a short prologue. Is this desirable?—R. U.

Answer: As a rule, the prologue should not be used. There is too much danger of confusion of characters, especially if there is a lapse of time. It is better to use a short "cut back," or retrospect, to establish the point in mind, unless the length of the prologue consumes too much time or contains lengthy action. Then, and only then, should the prologue be used.

Question: My story has as its lead a female impersonator. Why was it rejected?—S. D.

Answer: In our recollection there have been but a few of these pictures produced, and then only by nationally known stars. Unless the star is a real artist, these pictures fall very flat. When a story is desired for an impersonator, it is written around the star, consequently a free lance writer has slight chance of disposing of a story of this character.



Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

'Gene O'Brien Dramatizes the Yawn

'Gene O'Brien Stifles a Yawn

IT was rather warmish and the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts were eating up what little oxygen remained in the air at the Selznick studio.

'Gene O'Brien emoted through the big scene in his new mystery picture, temporarily entitled "John Smith." Director Herman rehearsed the action with tireless persistence.



'Gene O'Brien

he meant by yawning!

Ye Rambler, sitting on the sidelines, commenced to yawn. 'Gene exited from the range of the camera and took this opportunity to come over and say hello.

"Do you ever feel like yawning in the midst of an exciting scene?" we wondered.

"In between them," 'Gene elucidated. "In between — while the action is going on it's exciting enough to keep you on the alert." Whereupon he demonstrated what

And Frankie Mann, Too

As Ye Rambler prepared to leave the set, who should come dashing up, with murder in her eye, but Frankie Mann. "You never recognize me," challenged Frankie.

We thought we had, but we weren't sure, so we took no chances. Frankie looks as chippy as ever, and in the trim maid's outfit she wears in the picture, she is pretty enough to be the president of any Maids' Union.

And by the way, 'Gene will be through with his new picture soon, and then Frankie will play with Owen Moore when that droll Selznick comedian starts in with a new production.

A Line From Dore Davidson

In the leading male role of "The Good Provider," Fannie Hurst's new picture produced for Cosmopolitan by Frank Borzage, Dore Davidson is said to do some of the best work of his long and eventful career.

Indeed, so excellent is his work as the old-



Hope Hampton

fashioned Jewish father, that Miss Hurst has written him:

"Dear Mr. Davidson:

I have seen 'The Good Provider.' Please accept my congratulations.

It is a great picture and your art has helped make it so, your fidelity of interpretation, humor, pathos, and intelligence are rare. Thank you!

FANNIE HURST."

Mr. Davidson feels that if he has merited this praise from the author, that public appreciation is assured. We agree with him.

More About Fannie Hurst

Fannie Hurst was not satisfied with just writing a letter to Mr. Davidson. For once, she is highly pleased with the picturization of one of her stories, the one in question being the aforementioned "Good Provider."

You probably recall Miss Hurst's bitter attitude toward "Humoresque," before it met with universal public acclamation. She was frightfully overwrought about it and in no mild terms demanded that her name be omitted from all copy, et cetera.

Well, you know what happened. "Humoresque" became one of the pictures of the ages. The prejudice of the author melted to approval, and everybody was happy.

And Then "Star Dust"

And then along came "Star Dust," starring Hope Hampton. This was an adaptation of Miss Hurst's novel by that name. Hope's production was only based on the author's story; Paul Anthony Kelly, in adapting the story, changed it considerably.

The result: When Miss Hurst viewed the production in the projection room, she was inspired to a sustained pitch of fury. In which state she wrote to the various newspapers denouncing "Star Dust," et cetera.

Well, the long and short of this was taking the matter to court and the Hope Hampton Productions suing Miss Hurst to the tune of \$250,000 for her excoriating denunciations.

The matter now, insofar as the public is concerned, has been dropped. It was apparently settled peacefully.

Finally "The Good Provider"

BUT along comes Frank Borzage's production of Miss Hurst's story, "The Good Provider." The scene is changed, and instead of beholding Fannie Hurst bursting with anger, you see her at her desk writing a letter to the Cosmopolitan company, saying:

"I am sailing away an extremely happy lady writer.

"There is a law of compensation at work somewhere in this old scheme of things. The screen version of my story, 'The Good Provider,' which was run off for me in your projection room is, in my mind, a supreme example of how a story may be successfully and sincerely transferred to motion pictures without throwing the narrative version out of the window before starting to photograph.

"Not only because of its fidelity to the theme do I regard the screen version of 'The Good Provider' as a beautiful piece of work, but in those instances where it was necessary to develop, or subtract from the theme it has been done with the artist's understanding.

"I want personally to congratulate Frank Borzage (the director), Vera Gordon, Dore Davidson, William Collier, Jr., and every other member of that cast, not to overlook John Lynch (the scenario writer) and the man behind the camera.

"It is a fine, honest piece of work, which enhances and does honor to my story.

"Brava!"



Dore Davidson

From "Way Down East"

We saw another familiar figure on the set. None other than the pert little Vivian Ogden of "Way Down East" fame. Miss Ogden plays the humorous role of the cook, in 'Gene's picture. Incidentally, she and the butler, William Ferguson, supply most of the comedy. They're always fighting or arguing over—oh, anything said by the one is sure to be disagreed to by the other, and then the fun begins.

Off Stage Drama

We were talking to a prop man, when suddenly Miss Ogden came bustling over toward us. Picture her stalking down the street in "Way Down East." That's her natural walk.

"My glasses," she wailed, "where are my glasses? I just paid seventeen dollars for them. Where are they?"

It was a dramatic moment.

"Aren't they on the table?" suggested the prop man.

She stalked over to the table, and a seraphic smile succeeded the distressed one. "Here they are," she stroked them caressingly, put them down, and marched back to the set.

Off stage drama, we'd say.

Mary Astor Leading Lady

That charming little lady who has been playing leads in the Triart productions of stories of famous paintings—Mary Astor—is now 'Gene's leading lady.

She's a charming little person, is Mary Astor—slender, medium height, with glowing brown eyes that can laugh one moment and weep the next, silkened auburn hair of that exquisite sheen that frisks the light about in rustic channels.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES



JULIA FAYE

Paramount Pictures

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"THE YOUNGER SET"

(Continued from page 10)

"I want to ask you something. I never yet came to you without asking something and—you never failed me. Would you tell me now what I had better do?"

"Certainly," said Selwyn, surprised and smiling; "ask me, old fellow. You're not eloping with some nice girl, are you?"

"Yes," said Gerald, calm in his excitement, "I am."

"What?" repeated Selwyn gravely; "what did you say?"

"You guessed it. I came home and dressed and I'm going back to the Craigs to marry a girl whose mother and father won't let me have her."

"Sit down, Gerald," said Selwyn, removing the cigar from his lips; but:

"I haven't time," said the boy. "I simply want to know what you'd do if you loved a girl whose mother means to send her to London to get rid of me and marry her to that yawning Elliscombe fellow who was over here. . . . What would you do? She's too young to stand much of a siege in London—some Englishman will get her if he persists—and I mean to make her love me."

"Yes. . . . You know how young girls are. Yes, she does—now. But a year with that crowd—and the duchess being good to her, and Elliscombe yawning and looking like a sleepy Lohengrin or some damned prince in his Horse Guards' helmet!—Selwyn, I can see the end of it. She can't stand it; she's too young not to get over it. . . . So, what would you do?"

"Who is she, Gerald?"

"I won't tell you."

"Oh! . . . Of course she's the right sort?"

"Perfectly."

"Young?"

"Very. Out last season."

Selwyn rose and began to pace the floor; Kit-Ki, disturbed, looked up, then resumed her purring.

"There's nothing dishonorable in this, of course," said Selwyn, halting short.

"No," said the boy. "I went to her mother and asked for her, and was sent about my business. Then I went to her father. You know him. He was decent; bland, evasive, but decent. Said his daughter needed a couple of seasons in London; hinted of some prior attachment. Which is rot; because she loves me—she admits it. Well, I said to him, 'I'm going to marry Gladys'; and he laughed and tried to look at his moustache; and after a while he asked to be excused. I took the count. Then I saw Gladys at the Craigs, and I said, 'Gladys, if you'll give up the whole blooming heiress business and come with me, I'll make you the happiest girl in Manhattan.' And she looked me straight in the eyes and said, 'I'd rather grow up with you than grow old forgetting you.'"

"Did she say that?" asked Selwyn.

"She said, 'We've the greatest chance in the world, Gerald, to make something of each other. Is it a good risk?' And I said, 'It is the best risk in the world if you love me.' And she said, 'I do, dearly; I'll take my chance.' And that's how it stands, Philip. . . . She's at the Craigs—a suit-case and travelling-gown upstairs. Suddy Gray and Betty Craig are standing for it, and—with a flush—"there's a little church, you know—"

"Around the corner. I know. Did you telephone?"

"Yes."

There was a pause; the older man dropped his hands into his pockets and stepped quietly in front of Gerald; and for a full minute they looked squarely at one another, unwinking.

"Well?" asked Gerald, almost tremulously. "Can't you say, 'Go ahead!'"

"Don't ask me."

"No, I won't," said the boy simply. "A man doesn't ask about such matters; he does them. . . . Tell Austin and Nina. . . . And give this note to Eileen." He opened a portfolio and laid an envelope in Selwyn's hands. "And—by George—I almost forgot! Here"—and he laid a check across the note in Selwyn's hand—"here's the balance of what you've advanced me. Thank God, I've made it good, every cent. But the debt is only the deeper. . . . Good-bye, Philip."

Selwyn held the boy's hand a moment. Once or twice Gerald thought he meant to speak, and waited, but when he became aware of the check thrust back at him he forced it on Selwyn again, laughing:

"No! no! If I did not stand clear and free in my debts do you think I'd dare do what I'm doing? Do you suppose I'd ask a girl to face with me a world in which I owed a penny? Do you suppose I'm afraid of that world?—or of a soul in it? Do you suppose I can't take a living out of it?"

Suddenly Selwyn crushed the boy's hand.

"Then take it!—and her, too!" he said between his teeth; and turned on his heel, resting his arms on the mantel and his head face downward between them.

So Gerald went away in the pride and excitement of buoyant youth to take love as he found it and where he found it—though he had found it only as the green bud of promise which unfolds, not to the lover, but to love. And the boy was only one of many on whom the victory might have fallen; but such a man becomes the only man when he takes what he finds for himself—

green bud, half blown, or open to its own deep fragrant heart. To him that hath shall be given, and much forgiven. For it is the law of the strong and the prophets: and a little should be left to that Destiny which the devout revere under a gentler name.

The affair made a splash in the social puddle, and the commotion spread outside of it. Inside the nine-and-seventy cackled; outside similar gallinaceous sounds. Neergard pored all day over the blue-pencilled column, and went home, stunned; the social sheet which is taken below stairs and read above was full of it, as was the daily press and the mouths of people interested, uninterested, and disinterested, legitimately or otherwise, until people began to tire of telling each other exactly how it happened that Gerald Erroll ran away with Gladys Orchil.

Saxon Orchil was widely quoted as suavely and urbanely deploring the premature consummation of an alliance long since decided upon by both families involved; Mrs. Orchil snapped her electric-blue eyes and held her peace—between her very white teeth; Austin Gerard, secretly astounded with admiration for Gerald received the reporters with a countenance expressive of patient pain, but downtown he made public pretence of busy indifference, as though not fully alive to the material benefit connected with the unexpected alliance. Nina wept—happily at moments—at moments she laughed—because she had heard all about the famous British invasion planned by the Orchils and abetted by Anglo-American aristocracy. She did not laugh too maliciously; she simply couldn't help it. Her set was not the Orchil's set, their ways were not her ways; their orbits merely intersected occasionally; and, left to herself and the choice hers, she would not have troubled herself to engineer any such alliance, even to stir up Mrs. Saxon Orchil. Besides, deep in her complacent little New York soul she had the faintest germ of contempt for the Cordova ancestors of the house of Orchil.

But the young and silly pair had now relieved her as well as Mrs. Orchil of any further trouble concerning themselves, the American duchess, the campaign, and the Horse Guards: they had married each other rather shamelessly one evening while supposed to be dancing at the Sandon Craigs, and had departed expensively for Palm Beach, whither Austin, grim, reticent, but inwardly immensely contented, despatched the accumulated exclamatory letters of the family with anintimation of his own that two weeks was long enough to cut business even with a honeymoon as excuse.

Meanwhile the disorganization in the nursery was tremendous; the children, vaguely aware of the household demoralization and excitement, took the opportunity to break loose on every occasion; and Kit-Ki, to her infinite boredom and disgust, was hunted from garret to cellar; and Drina, taking advantage, contrived to over-eat herself and sit up late, and was put to bed sick; and Eileen, loyal, but sorrowful, amazed at her brother's exclusion of her in such a crisis, became slowly overwhelmed with the realization of her loneliness, and took to the seclusion of her own room, feeling tearful and abandoned, and very much like a very little girl whose heart was becoming far too full of all sorts of sorrows.

Nina misunderstood her, finding her lying on her bed, her pale face pillowed in her hair.

"Only horribly ordinary people will believe that Gerald wanted her money," said Nina; "as though an Erroll considered such matters at all—or needed to. Clear, clean English you are, back to the cavaliers whose flung purses were their thanks when the Cordovans held their horses' heads. . . . What are you crying for?"

"I don't know," said Eileen; "not for anything that you speak of. Neither Gerald nor I ever wasted any emotion over money, or what others think about it. . . . Is Drina ill?"

"No; only sick. Calomel will fix her, but she believes she's close to dissolution and she's sent for Boots to take leave of him—the little monkey! I'm so indignant. She's taken advantage of the general demoralization to eat up everything in the house. . . . Billy fell downstairs, fox-hunting, and his nose bled all over that pink Kirman rug. . . . Boots is a dear; do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Eileen listlessly, raising the back of her slender hand from her eyes to peer at Nina through the glimmer of tears.

"Well, he and Phil have moved out of Boots's house, and Boots has wired Gerald and Gladys that the house is ready for them until they can find a place of their own. Of course they'll both come here—in fact, their luggage is upstairs now—Boots takes the blue room and Phil his old quarters. . . . But don't you think it is perfectly sweet of Boots? And isn't it good to have Philip back again?"

"Yes," said Eileen faintly. Lying there, the deep azure of her eyes starred with tears, a new tremor altered her mouth, and the tight-curved upper lip quivered. Her heart, too, had begun its heavy, unsteady response in recognition of her lover's name; she turned partly away from Nina, burying her face in her brilliant hair; and beside her slim length, straight and tense, her arms lay,

the small hands contracting till they had closed as tightly as her teeth.

It was no child, now, who lay there, fighting down the welling desolation; no visionary adolescent grieving over the colorless ashes of her first romance; not even the woman, socially achieved, intelligently and intellectually in love. It was a girl, old enough to realize that the adoration she had given was not wholly spiritual, that her delight in her lover and her response to him was not wholly of the mind, not so purely of the intellect; that there was still more, something sweeter, more painful, more bewildering that she could give him, desired to give—nay, that she could not withhold even with sealed eyes and arms outstretched in the darkness of wakeful hours, with her young heart straining in her breast and her set lips crushing back the unuttered cry—

Love! So that was it!—the need, the pain, the bewilderment, the hot sleeplessness, the mad audacity of a blessed dream, the flushed awakening, stunned rapture—and then the gray truth, bleaching the rose tints from the fading tapestries of slumberland, leaving her flung across her pillows, staring at daybreak.

Nina had laid a cool smooth hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair—a light caress, sensitive as an unmasked question.

But there was no response, and presently the elder woman rose and went out along the landing, and Eileen heard her laughingly greeting Boots, who had arrived post-haste on news of Drina's plight.

"Don't be frightened; the little wretch carried tons of indigestible stuff to her room and sat up half the night eating it. Where's Philip?"

"I don't know. Here's a special delivery for him. I signed for it and brought it from the house. He'll be here from the Hook directly, I fancy. Where is Drina?"

"In bed. I'll take you up. Mind you, there'll be a scene, so nerve yourself."

They went upstairs together. Nina knocked, peeped in, then summoned Mr. Lansing.

"Oh, Boots, Boots!" groaned Drina, lifting her arms and encircling his neck. "I don't think I am ever going to get well—I don't believe it. no matter what they say. I am glad you have come; I wanted you—and I'm very, very sick. . . . Are you happy to be with me?"

Boots sat on the bedside, the feverish little head in his arms, and Nina was a trifle surprised to see how seriously he took it.

"Boots," she said, "you look as though your last hour had come. Are you letting that very bad child frighten you? Drina, dear, mother doesn't mean to be horrid, but you're too old to whine. . . . It's time for the medicine, too—"

"Oh, mother! the nasty kind?"

"Certainly. Boots, if you'll move aside—"

"Let Boots give it to me!" exclaimed the child tragically. "It will do no good; I'm not getting better; but if I must take it, let Boots hold me—and the spoon!"

She sat straight up in bed with a superb gesture which would have done credit to that classical gentleman who heroically swallowed the hemlock cocktail. Some of the dose bespattered Boots, and when the deed was done the child fell back and buried her head on his breast, incidentally leaving medicinal traces on his collar.

Half an hour later she was asleep, holding fast to Boots' sleeve, and that young gentleman sat in a chair beside her, discussing with her pretty mother the plans made for Gladys and Gerald on their expected arrival.

Eileen, pale and heavily-lidded, looked in on her way to some afternoon affair, nodding unsmiling at Boots.

"Have you been rifling the pantry, too?" he whispered. "You lack your usual chromatic symphony."

"No, Boots; I'm just tired. If I wasn't physically afraid of Drina, I'd get you to run off with me—anywhere. . . . What is that letter, Nina? For me?"

"It's for Phil. Boots brought it around. Leave it on the library table, dear, when you go down."

Eileen took the letter and turned away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table, her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

And slowly the inevitable question took shape within her.

How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close; and looked up into his steady eyes. And knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down—for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought spectre had fled!—broke down, no longer doubting, bowing her head in her slim gloved hands, thrilled to the soul with the certitude of their unhappiness eternal, and the dreadful pleasure of her share.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering by the table.

"Nothing. A—little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you. . . . And I—outlawed—tongue-tied. . . . Don't look at me, don't wait. I—I am going out."

He went to the window, stood a moment, came back to the table, took his letter, and walked slowly again to the window.

After a while he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes, and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

(Continued next week)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

by Irma, the Ingenue

HOW I love these tea gardens, don't you, dear? So much nicer than stuffy old tea rooms! Always gives a person such a feeling of being an outdoor person, without the trouble of putting on those awful-looking hiking clothes and walking and walking, in that stupid way!"

Irma the Ingenue settled down in a wicker chair and inquired solicitously as to my taste in tea, after which she went on chatting, with ever and anon a perfectly justified glance at her fair face in the burnished gold of her vanity case mirror.

"Have you heard about how all the girls in Hollywood are rushing madly to get their letters back from their sweethearts old and new? Why, sweethearts away back as far as the third before the last are being begged for their letters!"

"Just perfectly nice girls are as anxious as can be. Because, as one of them said to me—she's engaged to a film star—no matter how innocuous your letters may be, if you're in love with a man you're just bound to write mushy stuff that would look awfully silly in print.

"I'm getting all my letters back from Bob myself. I love him madly, but who can tell when something might happen to him, and they might be using that goo stuff of mine as evidence!"

"One girl I know says she copied four pages of 'Three Weeks' into one of her letters—not the extremest stuff, you know—just some beautiful, sweet stuff—and now she's so scared it might somehow get itself into the papers! She's getting her letters back from Jim—I should say so! And she says she's going to write hereafter in a kind of ink that fades within a few days, that she's heard of. She says it always seems to be old letters that make the trouble—not fresh ones.

So that's that. Irma paused to order a bit of preserved ginger—said she thought that the preserved ginger alone, not to mention silk at reasonable rates for silk lingerie, was enough reason for our being friendly to the yellow races, and then went on to emulate the well-known brook.

"Poor Pauline Starke! The course of her true love isn't running smoothly at all. You know she's engaged to Jack White. Well, one day after she came from New York, she brought with her out to White's set, where he was directing, a man from New York. The man is wealthy and claims he wants to learn about making pictures, but Jack mistook him for a rival, and afterward there was an awful scene between him and Pauline. However, she didn't break the engagement, even if he did behave something like a caveman. She's really devoted to him.

"Everybody is feeling just awfully about poor Cecil de Mille, coming home from Europe suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. It does seem as though when a man works as long and as hard as Mr. de Mille has done, that he might have a little pleasure like a trip to Europe without getting rheumatism.

"Helen Ferguson is a plucky girl, I'll tell the world! We all think of what we'd do if a masher spoke to us, and then when he does, we just give him a cold glare and pass on. We never do anything original, but Helen did, the other day. Helen is very pretty, you know, and as she entered a cafe where she was to meet Bill Russell to have dinner with him, she stepped into those revolving glass doors. Just as she got started, a dapper young chap, apparently in high spirits, started to leave by way of the same glass cage. He spied Helen, and instantly stopped the doors with his feet. Then he smiled his sweetest, raised his natty beaver, and had visions of telling the boys how he had made a catch. But right there is where the scenario changes.

"It all happened in a jiffy. Helen suddenly threw all her weight against the door, capapulating the fresh youth back into the cafe, and also, and what's more, into the very arms of a tall and husky young man who had witnessed the little episode. He was Helen's waiting escort, William Russell!

"Not for nothing had Bill swung his good right arm as hero of many a picture battle. The engaging young man was game enough to hand the doorman a half dollar for helping him off the

sidewalk after Helen's friend had finished with him."

Irma paused to dish another cup of tea along with the rest of the dishing. Then she went on—"So Mildred Harris has gone into vaudeville! I do wonder if she has done anything to that weak little voice of hers. I don't want to be catty, nor anything, but really you can't help wondering! Otherwise she is very pretty, and will probably make a hit. Anyhow people will be dying to see in the flesh and blood the girl that made Charlie Chaplin all that trouble.

"And speaking of trouble, even if Madge Bellamy is the nicest little girl in pictures—and sometimes I think she is, being sweet and kind and unspoiled—still she doesn't escape. My dear, I hear that a well-known artist was very much in love with her, that he sent her a bracelet at Christmas, and that she promptly sent it back! Now they're not such good friends any more, because the return of his present hurt his feelings. Madge naturally feels bad, but of course if you aren't engaged to a man you can't accept such presents. Anyhow, that's what the etiquette books say, even though I believe it is sometimes done.

"I think it's just lovely that Bill Hart and his wife, Winifred Westover, are expecting a little arrival. They say that Bill is tickled to death about it. But he got awfully cross, the other day, because Winifred went and bought a dozen or two—well, you know—necessary little things for a baby that you fasten with safety pins—and had them charged to Bill. Bill said it would be all over Hollywood!

"So Leota Lorraine has been heard from again! Viola Dana wrote me a letter, the other day, while on tour, and says she met Leota on the street in Kansas City, and that Leota is married to a business man there, and is very happy. She wanted to go back on the screen, but her husband wouldn't let her; and now, she told Viola, she's glad that she didn't. She says marriage and home keeping are a regular career themselves, and she advised Viola, if she ever married, to give up the profession.

"Which reminds me. Viola has been on tour for several months, you know, and they do say that in Birmingham, Alabama, she has met the most wonderful man! Viola denies she is engaged to him, but she certainly did let him rush her a lot in his motor while she was there, and she danced with him, and he even followed her to Atlanta! Well, if I were a man, and wanted to follow anybody, I'm sure it would be Viola.

"Finished with your tea—already? I'm sure my watch must be fast. But no matter now."

And Irma gathered up her silver fox fur and her gloves, and tip-tilted away on her little high heels.



"Poor Pauline Starke! The course of her true love isn't running smoothly at all."

"You know, she's engaged to Jack White."

"Helen Ferguson is a plucky girl, I'll tell the world."



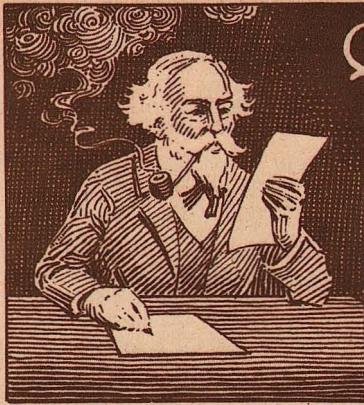
"So Mildred Harris has gone into vaudeville."



"And speaking of trouble, even if Madge Bellamy is the nicest little girl in pictures, still . . . I heard . . ."

"Viola Dana has been on tour for several months. They do say in Birmingham, Alabama, she has met the most wonderful man!"





Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.



During the past month I have been besieged with dozens of inquiries of this type: "Who was born in Oshkosh, is six feet tall and has big feet?" Now when scores of letters come in all asking about the very same players in such a left-handed fashion, it makes me wonder if the writers think they are fooling me. Because they aren't.

And while I would like to see as many of my fan friends as possible win out in their various contests, it seems rather unfair to other publications for me to tell you the answers to their contests. Did you ever ask someone to guess a riddle and then have a third person spoil it all by giving away the answer? Then you see the point.

TUFT LUCK—You know, Tuft, I've a suspicion that you don't know how to spell the word "tough." Am I right? Buck Jones—now known as Charles—is American, born in Indiana at some mysterious date that no one knows but his family and his family's Bible. His growth was stunted just before he reached six feet and he makes the scales jump to 173. Pearl White played in "The Lightning Raider."

BOBBIE BREEN—Do I like to be of service to the ladies? Well, rather! You have but to command! Now don't adore Tom Mix and Frank Mayo too much, because they're both married. Unless you think that doesn't matter. Tom used to be a Texas cowboy and then a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, and Frank came from a family of actors. He was born in New York in 1886. I can give you more detailed information about them by mail—but where shall I have the postman take the letter?

B. MITCHELL—This answer isn't very quick, is it? But I have a waiting list of several hundred. Yes, Marie Prevost lived in Denver some years ago. She is twenty-three and not married. Hurrah—is that what you say?

SPLASH ME—How do I know if Wallace Reid has a crush on Agnes Ayres? He doesn't confide his love affairs to me. He probably goes home after work each night, as all model husbands should. Rodolph's next picture is "Beyond the Rocks," and Dick Barthelmess will be seen in "Seven Days." Where am I to find room for all the addresses you want? Shall I publish a supplement for your benefit? Write and tell me where you are at home—when you are.

BLUE EYES—One of these age hounds! Pearl is thirty-two and Bebe is twenty-one. Pearl threatens to go on the stage if she can find a play to suit her. Nazimova was born in Russia.

MRS. MAY NOVAK—Tell your little boy that Tom Mix has a wee little daughter just one month old. Tom's hobbies are horseback riding and writing. I'm sorry I don't know his height. His address is 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, where you can write him for a picture, enclosing a quarter. I am not sure whether T. Roy Barnes is married.

ELLA C.—You sent your letter to The Rambler, Ella (I'm jealous), but she doesn't answer questions. Casting directors engage actresses, but keep themselves anonymous.

M. E.—No, I am not the same answer man you used to write to last year. He had nervous prostration trying to keep all these movie marriages straight. Sorry, M. E., you're a few months too late with your poetry; "Movie Weekly" isn't publishing any more poems.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—Abraham Lincoln was anxious to know, too, and that was the secret of his rise to the presidency. I never heard of Jim Westcott. He'd better write me at once and introduce himself. Ruth Roland's address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles. Her picture will cost a quarter.

MISS JACKIE CURTIS—You say you will continue to buy "Movie Weekly" until we have Wallace Reid's picture in the center. You don't think that's an inducement for us to publish it, do you? We want you to buy the magazine. However, we will print his picture shortly. It was also published in the issue for June 11, 1921. The only way I know to get a photo of him is to ask him for one.

DODE—Yes, Bill Farnum is still on the job and so is Dustin, and they both draw their pay from William Fox. Bill was the one who played in "Riders of the Purple Sage." His next picture is "A Stage Romance." He can be reached at Fox's New York Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave.

MOVIE MAD—Have you just seen "The Poppy?" Tell the manager of your picture show that Norma has played in several films since then. Eugene O'Brien doesn't play opposite her any more; he's a star himself now. He was born in Colorado in 1884 and has been in movies for about six years. He doesn't like to commit himself as to his favorite actress. Dorothy Gish's latest picture is "Orphans of the Storm," about six months' old. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schuster. For the present, she and Rodolph will not again appear together.

A. A.—I'm sure Tom Mix will appreciate it if you write and tell him how much you like his acting. His address is 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.

TOOTSIE—You ought to be a very nice girl, since you come from a town called Superior. Sorry I don't know Sessue Hayakawa's home address, but he will get your letter at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. And Richard Dix gets his mail at Goldwyn, Culver City.

ZAROOK—You ask me what the right weight is for a seventeen-year-old girl who is five feet four in height. Did you mistake me for the family doctor? However, I believe 125 is given as the proper weight for your size. Gloria Swanson's two ex-husbands are Wallace Beery and Herbert Sanborn. Claire Windsor is also divorced.

ADMIRER—How do all my fan friends guess that pink is my favorite color? Only it isn't; I'm neutral. I don't know why you didn't get Bebe Daniel's picture when you sent for it. The address was right, but sometimes the stars get so much fan mail that it would require a whole office force to answer it. Mary Miles Minter is not married. Betty Compson doesn't give her home address; her studio address is Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

RITA—So you once knew a Colonel who was awfully cranky? He probably let himself get old; why should he do that when monkey glands will keep us young? Antonio Moreno is thirty-three and five feet eight in height. His address is The Los Angeles Athletic Club.

LITTLE PAL—Nan in "Hail the Woman" was played by Madge Bellamy. She recently appeared in "The Call of the North" and is now at work on "Lorna Doone." She is a new little leading lady and is considered very beautiful. I do not know her personal address, but you can write her at First National, 6 West 48th St., New York.

SEVENTEEN—You know, Seventeen, you and I disagree on one point. You like serials and I do not. And I refused to be menaced by "The Yellow Menace" when it was shown. If you can tell me what company produced it, I will find out about it for you. Dustin Farnum and Ann Little were the principals in the old film production of "The Squaw Man." No, William Fox is not making serials just now.

J. ROYCE—The "great Richard Talmadge" is so great that I had never even heard of him until your letter reached me. I have since learned that posters announce "Douglas Fairbanks knows him," so maybe you had better ask Doug about him. He has the advantage of me. I don't believe "The Mark of Zorro" and "The Mollycoddle" were ever put out in book form.

GREASED LIGHTNING—I see you have "fallen for" one of the bathing beauties whose pictures were published in the magazine. She is just one of the Mack Sennett "also rans" and even the company doesn't know who she is. I have no address for Maryon Aye, but you can probably reach her in care of The Western Pictures Exploitation Co., I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles. She is being co-starred with Bob Reeves in "Fingers of Fate," a Cactus Feature. Florence Gilbert, Warner Brothers Studio, Bronson Ave. and Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Jacqueline Logan, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

BOBBY—No, Bobby, Bebe is not married. "Ain't that grand?" Why not? Gosh, that's a hard one. Write her at Realart Studio, 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. Elaine Hammerstein isn't married either—you're lucky in picking out the single ones, but you guessed wrong with May Allison. She is Mrs. Robert Ellis. She can be reached at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Elaine's address is Selznick, 729 Seventh Ave., New York. Is Eugene O'Brien handsome? All together now, girls, is he?

FORGET ME NOT—I think too much of my life to try to settle your argument as to which is the better looking, Rodolph or Wallie. They both have too many admirers. Agnes Ayres is twenty-three, and has blonde hair and gray eyes. She is divorced from Frank Schuster; no, she has no children. Ruth Roland is twenty-eight and Wallie a year older—though I have also heard that he is thirty-one. Mae Murray doesn't give her age. Did you see the picture of Rodolph in "Movie Weekly," March 4th?

MAE McC.—Such a complimentary letter as yours should be published, like the testimonials in the patent medicine ads. Thanks for the suggestions. We don't get many pictures of Montagu Love or Robert Warwick, but if we ever get a real good one—and that's the difficulty—we'll remember your request.

JUMBO—I doubt, Jumbo, if you expect to be taken seriously when you ask if Wallie Reid is dead. Couldn't you think of enough questions to ask? Yes, Tony Moreno is still in the movies, his latest picture being, "The Secret of the Hills." Forrest Stanley will probably send you his photo for a quarter. Rodolph, so my fan friends tell me, charges thirty-five cents for his picture.

MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM—Gosh, but I'm sick of Rodolph! We published his picture March 4th. Yes, he probably likes to hear from his admirers, but he is so buried in letters that he had to give up trying to answer them.

FILM = FILAME

Strike When a Man's Up—Not Down

LESLIE HISCOTT, Director George Fitzmaurice's assistant, has sworn off working with Italian cameramen. Give him nice, untemperamental Americans every time, says Leslie. These "furriners" are too undependable.

This is what happened to Leslie—and no wonder he got peevish.

After the whole company had puffed and climbed and breathed a sigh of relief at reaching the top of an Alp—one of the Alps—without so much as stubbing their toes, the Italian cameraman got temperamental.

He suddenly decided the time had come to hit the boss for more pay. He had just been reading those efficiency ads and they went right to his head. And besides, he had a very strong argument.

The argument was that unless he could take home more lires or something in his pay envelope, he would hurl his camera right off the Alp. Not being a serial camera, it would probably never have recovered.

"Of course," said Mr. Hiscott, "it was nothing short of a hold-up, and it needed all my diplomacy to smooth matters over. But I did—for a time, anyway."

Can't somebody find an ambassadorship for Leslie?

Sam Is a Tactful Man

"Sam," said Gloria Swanson to her director, Sam Wood, "do you realize we've been working together nearly a year now?"

"Yes," grinned the director, "and I haven't won a battle yet!"

That doesn't mean that Gloria swings a mean rolling pin or anything. With a face like hers, she doesn't need to!

Jeanie—A Jail Bird

Imagine! Jeanie Macpherson was arrested and sent to jail for four days. No, it wasn't for speeding.

"It's all in the day's work," said Miss Macpherson—or rather, four days' work, and good work, too. Now the scenario writer knows just how it feels and no one can tell her the prison scenes in "Manslaughter" are not true to life.

For on her way east to consult Alice Duer Miller, the author of "Manslaughter," Miss Macpherson made arrangements with the police in a Mid-Western town to be arrested and treated just like a regular prisoner for four days. So that's that.

This Is What George Did

George Walsh, who is appearing in "With Stanley in Africa," has always felt very proud of his skill on horseback; but pride goeth before a fall, so the Bible says, and that's what happened to George. He had the fall. It all happened because George is so polite.

He was galloping along at a great rate when he saw a flivver approaching. George believes in protecting the weak, so he drew his steed to the side of the road to let the flivver pass. Soft ground crumpled under the horse's feet; he made a beautiful bow and then sat right down.

Not to be outdone, George made his bow too, into the air and onto a rock. He bunged up his eye and skinned his nose and mussed up a perfectly satisfactory set of features. Filming was suspended until the features warped back into shape, so Stanley had to worry along in Africa without him for several days.

A Scentimental Scene

Think of it, girls! Gloria played a joke on Rodolph. The very idea!

In a scene in "Beyond the Rocks," in which the two stars play together, Rodolph is supposed to pick up her scented lace handkerchief and crush it to his lips.

So when this episode was filmed, Rodolph dutifully picked up the kerchief with an ecstatic look and pressed it to his face. But the ecstatic look got pushed off his face by a look of dismay as Rodolph dropped the handkerchief. From behind the director came a shriek of laughter, followed by Gloria.

Instead of perfume, she had placed a couple of pieces of garlic in the handkerchief.

"It was supposed to be scented," she explained demurely.



Shirley Mason hears "her master's voice"—or maybe she's learning Spanish.

Safety First

Maclyn Arbuckle in the title role of "The Prodigal Judge," is supposed to fight a duel, but on the morning of the duel he awakens to find that his friend has taken all of his clothes and left to appear in his place. So he wraps a blanket about him and goes to the field of honor dressed like Julius Caesar or somebody. That is all as it should be according to the story.

The scene was shot along a deserted road, where there was no traffic. Mr. Arbuckle took his position and at the signal from Director Jose, he started running down the road. His appearance, of course, was most un-ballroom-like; his blanket flopped behind him in the breezes and he waved a pistol wildly in the air. Altogether, he didn't look like a man you'd be cordial toward on a dark night.

Just at that moment, a negro stepped into the road in front of him and gave one horrified glance. "Oh, Lord, save me," he yelled, "the debil's done got me." He gave a deer-like leap and cleared a fence, while Arbuckle flapped his blanket with glee.

What If They All Talked at Once?

"What does this Russian mean, I wonder?" asks one of the scribes at the Paramount studio.

"Ask Theodore, he knows!" is the answer, for if Theodore Kosloff doesn't know Russian, who does? And Olga Printzlau, scenario writer, can actually make sense out of those funny looking Danish words. Paul Iribe, Art Director, was born right in Paris and speaks French like a native. Why shouldn't he?

Walter Hiers reminds us that we shouldn't forget his skill as a translator. "I can translate English into slang at any time!" says he.

Reel Fights

"Have you met Clarence Burton?" asked Director Paul Powell, as he introduced to Agnes Ayres the well-known "heavy" who will be the villain of "The Ordeal," her next Paramount picture.

The star smiled as she recalled how often Clarence had been cast as her worthless husband.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "Mr. Burton and I have fought several times before."

Emoting the Wrong Emote!

Priscilla Dean came onto the Universal lot ready for work in "That Lass o' Lowrie's" feeling like a million dollars and ninety cents more. The world was wonderful and so on! Then she was told that she would have to weep today and "The Song of India" was played very dismally to prove it.

Neely Edwards, comedian, arrived at the studio feeling like the first half of the Salvation Army motto. Maybe the name of his new comedy, "The Inheritance Tax" might have reminded him that Income Tax time is with us again. Anyway, he was glum.

And then he was greeted with the information that he was supposed to laugh his head off that morning. "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?" was played for him to laugh at.

So there were he and Priscilla Dean envying each other and weeping and laughing. It's a great life.

It Wasn't Their Blizzard

"Awaiting a blizzard!"

So read the report of one unit of "With Stanley in Africa" for four days in succession. Each day the production managers at Universal City turn in a report to the Director-General regarding the day's activities. But what should they want with a blizzard for scenes in Africa, reasoned the Director-General.

He summoned William Craft and Bert Dorris into his office. They were the director and production manager and should know all about it.

"I've read this story clear through the eighteen episodes," said the Director-General, "and I can't find out why the Sam Hill you need a blizzard."

"We have to have one," said Craft, "but not to photograph. We need L. C. Shumway, one of the principals, for re-takes. He's on location at Truckee with another company waiting for a blizzard. He can't leave to come here until they've had one. So we're waiting for one ourselves."

The reputation of California for hot weather remains intact, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce can breathe freely.

A. M. T.



What if the rope should break!

An Intimate Story of the Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 5)

"Dorothy was always getting herself into predicaments because of her seriousness," Lillian added. "Tell about that fire scene in 'East Lynne,' Dorothy."

"Oh, yes," Dorothy laughed. "I was playing in 'Dian O'Dare,' and if you have seen it, you will remember there is a big love scene in which the hero pours out his love to the heroine. Well, in our production, the stage director placed this scene in front of a fireplace. There were logs, realistic enough, to be sure, but beneath them burned some electric lamps instead of the flames which were supposed to lick them. From the audience, the log fire looked just as natural as it would at home, but from backstage you could see all the trappings. There was an opening above the logs, for the back of the fireplace with space in between."

"The hero and the heroine began their scene, and the leading man was carrying it on to its fiery conclusion when suddenly they became aware of snickers and guffaws from the audience. They peered out of the corners of their eyes, looked about to see what was amiss, but could find nothing. Some stagehands looked on from the wings, wondering what the laughter, which was increasing in volume, was about. Finally, one stagehand spotted the cause of the trouble. I had seen the opening in the back of the fireplace, walked into it, not thinking that I could be seen from the audience, and sat down on the logs in the midst of the fire. The stagehand seized me by the waist, and the curtain fell. It was the best laugh 'East Lynne' ever got. I suppose I just dreamily walked through the fireplace, saw the audience, and decided to look them over. That's the only reason I can find for sitting in the fire."

As your acquaintance with the girls grows you notice the difference between them, Dorothy's nervous energy, Lillian's calmer nature. Dorothy went on to relate another story which bears upon her nervousness, something which has prevented her from playing upon the stage since the days when she grew from a child into a beautiful woman.

"We always tried to keep the family together. Mamma always wanted to be with the both of us, but that wasn't always possible, for although most of the old melodramas had one stage child, few required two or more. So eventually we had to separate. I was confided to the care of a woman I knew as 'Aunt Alice,' and she took good care of me."

"But I had a bad habit, that of picking the threads out of the hems of my dresses. I would sit in a corner, start fidgeting, begin picking threads out and finally the hem would slip out and the dress would be down to my ankles. Aunt Alice caught me a couple of times and scolded me, but it did no good. Finally, she told me that if I ever did it again she would take my clothes away from me. That stopped me for a while, but about three days later, I began to pick the threads out as usual. I was in the midst of my game, when I walked Aunt Alice."

"I meant what I told you," she scolded. "Come here!"

"And 'here' I went. Off went my dress, she confiscated it, and gave me in its place, a boy's suit, belonging to a boy member of the company."

"And now you'll have to go back to the hotel just like that," she told me.

"Well, I don't suppose it is such a terrible disgrace for a girl of eight to walk down the street in boy's clothes, but it seemed so to me. I cried and cried, but she had no mercy, so to the hotel I walked, dressed as a boy. And I never plucked the threads from my dresses again."

It was Lillian's turn. "You know it sounds just too funny to tell the names of the plays in which we acted," she laughed. "The first one was 'In Convict's Stripes.' Then there was 'East Lynne,' 'Her First False Step,' 'At Duty's Call,' 'The Child Wife,' 'Mr. Blarney From Ireland,' 'Dian O'Dare,' 'The Coward,' 'The Truth-tellers,' and

Dorothy played down in Philadelphia in 'Editha's Burglar.'"

"That was a funny play," Dorothy suddenly remembered. "It was all about a man who left home one night and returned later as a burglar to steal from his own safe. I had the best role in that play, practically the lead, and I can hear myself piping out the funniest line I ever had."

"You see, I was supposed to be awakened by the burglar and to come downstairs and catch him at his work. I stood on the stairs in my nightgown and said:

"Leave us enough knives and forks for breakfast, daddy," in a shrill, piping voice. Well, the audience just roared at that line. It was a big hit."

Reminiscence brought reminiscence, and Lillian recalled with quite apparent joy, how the Gishes and the Pickfords happened upon one another. This happy friendship, which began in childhood, has never ceased.

"The last time Mary was in town, we rode down Fifth Avenue together in her Rolls-Royce," she related. "And Mary couldn't help saying: 'Well, Lillian, who'd ever have thought in the old days, we'd be as successful as this!'"

"We were playing in Toronto one season and mamma was able to get an engagement in New York. We gave our notice to the management, and they made the rounds of the managers' offices in Toronto looking for someone to take our places. I was there with Aunt Alice at that time, and when the offer was made to a certain Mrs. Smith, who had a daughter Gladys, Mrs. Smith said she could not take the engagement for her little girl without finding a place for her other two children, Lottie and Jack. The play was 'The Little Red School House,' and there was a schoolroom scene in it, in which a lot of children were used. As a rule we got extra children in the towns we played in for a dollar a performance, but the management needed little Gladys and decided to use Lottie and Jack in that scene as well."

"So the whole Smith family went to New York with us. Mrs. Smith wasn't sure at first that we were the sort of stage children for her two girls and a boy to associate with, for stage children are not all particularly nice, but by the time we reached New York, she was convinced that we were all right. She had never been in New York before, and Gladys had only played in stock in Toronto, so we asked her to come to live with us."

"For two weeks we all lived together in the same house on Thirty-Seventh Street. Then Mary Pickford went out with the company, and when she came back we all lived together again for a time."

"When Mary was here last, we planned to visit that house and have our picture taken, sitting on the steps, as we used to sit. Those were the days when it was a joy to go down to the corner and buy an ice cream sandwich for two cents, when Mary, and Jack and Lottie used to play all sorts of games with us. We were a happy, big family, and had lots of fun together. But Mary wasn't able to find time for the picture, so it hasn't been taken yet, but it will be soon. We moved about New York quite a bit, but we lived longest on Thirty-seventh Street, and that is where our friendship really began."

"Mary was always a most serious young lady, even then. To hear her talk to her mother you'd think that Mary was the mother, and Mrs. Pickford the child. 'Now don't forget your rubbers,' she would say to Jack. 'Mamma, have you got your muffler?' she would tell her mother, when she went out. She acted as a little mother for all of us."

The story of how Lillian and Dorothy Gish entered the movies, how Lillian played with Mary Pickford in a stage production, and incidents of the Biograph and Reliance days with D. W. Griffith, will be related in next week's issue.



Back Pay, Cosmopolitan Prod.—Paramount

A screen version of Fannie Hurst's novel of the same name, tells the story of a girl who stole her birthright to worldly success and later tried to pay the bill. With a weather eye on the censors, the makers of this picture have reduced the love and money affairs of Hester, as catalogued in this book, to about two; one, commercialized, with the approved screen type of libertine; the other with a war veteran. Hester steps out of her life of self-indulgence with the first to marry (through pity), the second—a blind, consumptive soldier. The soldier dies soon and she drops back with the cheque book man. Later we see her breaking loose from her dishonest ease, back at the foot of the ladder, a working girl once more at living wages. The work of Matt Moore as the ex-soldier is gratifying in its simplicity. Seena Owen, as Hester, is sincere, but the zig-zagging quality of this vacillating Hurst heroine—true, it may be, to life—is magnified when projected on the screen. Considering, however, the sympathy daily accorded to screen figures who go Hester's way with never a veer in the right direction, it seems but fair to extend a little to the girl who sooner or later did "come back."

Glass Houses, Metro

Joy Duval (Viola Dana), a girl of the leisure class, finds that she no longer has an income and that she must marry, work or starve. She makes herself dowdy in horn-rimmed glasses and sloppy things to wear (you should see Viola Dana!) and gets work as a mentor (whatever that is) to one young Billy Norton. Billy is indifferent to the owl-eyed young woman foisted on him by a loving aunt as a sort of female tutor, but compromises Joy quite accidentally, whereupon the aunt insists that they must marry. That Joy is really a beauty in disguise—one of the Duvals, you know—and so on, is divulged, and all ends well. Gaston Glass and Mayme Kelso play in this neat farce.

A Doll's House, Nazimova Prod.—United Artists

The Ibsen play adapted for the screen a third time and this time with Nazimova in the role made famous by her on the English-speaking stage—of Nora, the volatile, puerile, irresponsible wife of Torvald Helmer, or rather the wife who tried to be these things because she thought it was demanded of her by her fatuous husband. Nazimova did not try to make Nora sympathetic on the stage, nor does she on the screen. She is evasive, silly, tantalizing, deceitful—but she is not built for tragedy and she goes out to meet it.

Tracked to Earth, Universal

Frank Mayo in a Western thriller. Mayo plays Charlie Cranmer, vice-president of a bank, who chases horse thieves and is taken for one himself. About to be hung, he makes a getaway but falls up to his neck in sand under the eyes of his pursuers. Then come the thrills. Closeups show Cranmer's reactions to the bullets whizzing about his head, the harrowing uncertainty of the heroine (Virginia Valli). He is, of course, rescued and identified. Mayo acquires himself handsomely of a role calling for acting of an unusual sort.

The Song of Life (John M. Stahl Prod.), Louis B. Mayer—Asso. First National

A woman forsakes her husband's house and her child because she detests housework. Twenty-five years later we find her paying the price of her desertion as a dishwasher in a restaurant. She gets work as a maid in the house of her son, a writer now and married. His wife who, too, hates housework, betrays him. He learns of it, and shoots his rival. The climax comes when the mother, put through the third degree by the police, admits the prisoner is her son. The wounded man gets well and withdraws his charge; the wife repents.

E. P. G.

THE PHILANTHROPIC BANK BURGLAR

By JOHN W. GRAY

□ □ □

FIRST INSTALMENT

JACK KENNARD at twenty-nine was good to look at. His four years at Yale, during which he pulled the stroke oar on the varsity eight, pitched for the baseball team and played right half back at football, together with his boxing and wrestling activities, left him physically fit to cope with and dominate any emergency that might arise. He was an athlete and looked the part.

He was a trifle under six feet; he tipped the scales at approximately one hundred and seventy-five—one hundred and seventy-five pounds of bone and muscle. His hair was jet black and was pushed back pompadour fashion, revealing the high, well-formed forehead of the thinker. The face that was lined and tanned by a life spent out in the open, was the face of a leader, a fighter, an individual with a contemptuous disregard for obstacles and a passion for doing the things he had made up his mind to do.

The eyes strengthened the impression that one got from the face, great dark blue eyes that radiated intelligence and understanding, searching and penetrating and sparkling with determination.

Great athletes are seldom good scholars, but Jack was the exception to the rule, a better student never entered the halls of Old Eli, nor a more popular one.

Extraordinary things were expected of him when he graduated with honors at the head of his class in the Yale School of Chemistry. Many thought he would become one of the world's greatest chemists. Jack, however, never lived up to the predictions of his friends, for away back in the well-developed brain of this individual there was something, whatever it was, that always led him into doing the most impossible and the most inexplicable things. This something, call it what you will, caused him to prostitute his knowledge of chemistry and become one of the greatest bank burglars in the world, a scientific criminal, the master mind of the underworld.

Neither environment, booze, drugs, poverty nor any of the rest of the factors that are responsible for most of the criminals that plunder and kill had anything to do with his deserting the beaten trail of respectability for the life of the bandit. He didn't drink, he had never used tobacco in any form, or drugs. Women played a small part in his life and if we look down along the line of his ancestors for a century or more we find nothing but the highest type of men and women, therefore, heredity had absolutely nothing to do with his "fall from grace."

An unusual crook, you will probably say. Yes, very unusual!

The first class hotels of the country with their luxurious furnishings and their atmosphere of wealth and refinement had no more attraction for him than the dumps and dives of the underworld with their cheap, gaudy decorations and their aroma of all that was revolting and devitalizing. He seldom visited either, his havens of rest throughout the country were the different Y. M. C. A.'s of which he was a member.

For five years after his graduation from Yale he maintained his laboratory in New York. His hours of toil were not regulated, he worked as his fancy and his will dictated. One day he might get down to his work rooms at nine in the morning and work until two in the afternoon, another day it would be from eight in the morning until ten at night, while not infrequently he would get up out of bed in the middle of the night and work with some new formula until the first streak of dawn illuminated the earth.

He was indeed a creature of impulse.

During these five years he cultivated few friends. He was so tremendously absorbed in his work that he had very little time and much less disposition to go out into society.

He had two friends, Henry Haberly and George Biddle, both former Yale men. The latter was recognized as one of the young financial wizards of Wall Street, while Henry had the reputation of being one of the greatest neuro-pathologists in the country. Biddle's passion was making money and mixing with the elite of New York society. He had few constructive interests in life. Henry, on the other hand, was a doer of good; wealth and society meant nothing to him. Society with its meaningless display of wealth, half dressed

women and under-educated men gave him no concern whatsoever. Henry and Jack were utterly unlike George in every way and their relationship with him was only continued because of their college sentiment.

For five years after their graduation it had been a custom for the class to meet once a month for dinner in the Waldorf Grill, at which times George never failed to bring up the subject of Jack and Henry "stepping" out into society and the subject, incidentally, was always side-tracked, much to George's chagrin, for society, in his opinion, was an essential element of progress. He didn't believe that one could be a success in life if one didn't have a reputation as a social lion.

"Why don't you do something constructive with your wealth," Henry said to him on the occasion of one of these meetings.

"Ha, Ha," laughed George, "you radicals are a scream."

"There is so much good that you could do," continued Henry, "if you would only do it instead of wasting your time running around the drawing rooms with a lot of half-naked women."

"Tell me," he said, "what would you do if you were wealthy?"

"What would I do," replied Henry, "a thousand different things."

"Be specific," exclaimed George.

"Well," continued Henry, "I should build a hospital for the treatment of criminals that we are now brutalizing in our prisons."

"Prisons," said George, "are necessary."

"Nonsense," replied Henry, "you talk like an idiot."

"Well, what are you going to do with the crooks?"

"Treat them scientifically," answered Henry. "You can't reform criminals by beating them like beasts. Crime is a disease and should be treated by scientific methods."

Henry then launched off into a dissertation on how he could cure at least fifty per cent of the criminal population that society was sending to prison day in and day out. It was evident that Jack was engrossingly interested in what Henry was saying. The cause of the downtrodden always had an especial appeal for him. When Henry finished he said:

"Do you mean to say that you are not able to interest people in such a humanitarian cause?"

"Yes," replied Henry, "I do."

"Well I'll be damned!" exclaimed Jack.

"They're too damn busy entertaining to bother about such projects," declared Henry rather passionately.

"Well," interrupted George, "from now on there will be a decrease of crime amongst one class of crooks."

"Which class are you referring to?" Jack asked him.

"Bank burglars," replied George.

"And why fewer crimes amongst them?" continued Jack.

"The safe makers have just built a burglar-proof safe."

"How sure are you that it's absolutely burglar-proof?"

"I witnessed an experiment today at the safe works, a drill applied to the door left no impression at all," George answered.

"Does that make it burglar-proof?" interrogated Jack.

"Certainly," said George, "they can't drill it, therefore they can't get the powder into it, and since there isn't any other explosive that they can use, why the safe is burglar-proof."

"What's the name of this safe?"

"The Harlan Automatic Time Locker," replied George.

When Jack left Henry and George that night he went direct to his laboratory. He was in deep revery, thought-ridden and filled with strange

feelings and fancies that he was hardly able to understand or explain. "It's a hell of a world," he murmured to himself. "A hell of a world," he repeated. "Why all this injustice, inequality, sorrow, misery and poverty? The rich stand by and see people going deeper and deeper into the depths for the want of institutions to treat and cure them, while they bask in the sunshine of wealth and luxury. Think of the good that Henry could do if he only had the means to do it and what a tragedy it is that he cannot get it to carry on his humanitarian work."

He paced the floor of his laboratory like a lion in its cage. Suddenly he exclaimed dramatically: "By God! if they won't give to those that need help, it should be taken away from them. It's no crime to steal from such people, and if I can only work out a formula for a liquid explosive I'll plunder their banks and give the proceeds to those strange, slum-dwarfed unfortunates to whom smiles, happiness and luxuries are unknown things. I shall see that Henry has a hospital to treat the denizens of the underworld."

For three weeks he labored almost night and day. Several times he thought he had the formula only to find on subsequent experiments that it lacked something or other, he knew not what. He dug into the history of chemistry from the days of Paracelsus, and step by step he covered the long, tortuous trail of its development over century and century by Boyle, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, Lunge, Winkler and Sobrero.

Finally his efforts were crowned with success, for out of nitrate of soda, nitric acid, sulphur and sulphurous acids, glycerine, water, nitrous gas and fulminate of mercury, in peculiar parts, he got a liquid explosive and the agencies with which to explode it. He figured on the possibility of detection, so he arranged the mixture of these ingredients in such a manner that no chemist could analyze it and declare it to be an explosive unless all the different parts were properly apportioned. He intended to carry these chemicals in two separate bottles; if he were ever arrested, no one would know what they were or what they were used for.

The successful consummation of crime was to be a science with him, he was determined that no rogues gallery would ever contain his picture, therefore, he worked out another formula to defeat bloodhounds that he knew would be put on his trail in the course of his criminal career. This was a comparatively easy undertaking, for within twenty-four hours he had solved the problem with a mixture of chloroform, nitrous acid, bromide of potassium and oil of mustard. No bloodhound in the world could follow him once he applied this mixture to rags tied on his shoes. Subsequent experiments with a bloodhound proved that conclusively.

He then read everything that he could find on the underworld, the vernacular of thieves and their methods. He read the book written by Langdon W. Moore, one of the first American bank burglars. He went to the library and got Inspector Byrnes' book on "Great American Criminals," so when he finished he was fairly well posted on the doings of the "prowlers in the dark."

He would use skin tight rubber gloves to obviate the possibility of detection by finger prints.

HELP

IT was nearly midnight when he closed up his laboratory and started for his apartment in Central Park West. The theatres had dropped their final curtains, the restaurants were crowding up rapidly with the after-the-theatre crowds, the jazz bands in the cabarets were jingling, mirth and revelry were prevalent everywhere, the night life was at its height as he walked up Broadway.

At Fifty-ninth Street he turned off Broadway and entered the park. His attention was suddenly attracted to a scene on the lawn. He heard cursing, loud voices and an occasional groan as though somebody were being beaten. He stopped and listened and looked. It was quite dark and he couldn't see very distinctly, but as if by magic the moon came from behind a mane of tawny clouds and threw a ray of light over the lawn, revealing

(Continued on page 26)

How would You like to

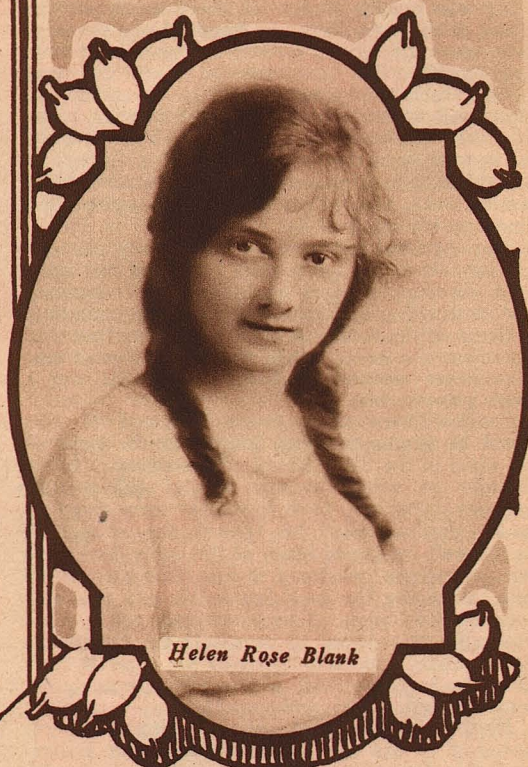
In publishing the names and photographs of the prize winning girls in the POPULAR HIGH SCHOOL GIRL CONTEST and the names of some of the others whose records placed them in the near-prize-winning-class, "Movie Weekly" wishes to thank every girl who participated, together with their friends and associates who provided such hearty backing.

In view of the large prizes offered the winners in this contest, we had hoped that practically every high school in the United States would enter one or more girls to take part and we believe that in another contest they would do so.

We have been giving some thought to the idea of running another in the fall and will welcome letters of approval from high school girls in all parts of the country who are willing to enter if we decide in the affirmative.

Checks will be mailed to the five winning girls within a few days after the publication of this issue of "Movie Weekly."

- 1 HELEN R. BLANK (\$3,000)... 22,887
Toledo, O., Scott H. S.
- 2 MARIE LINAHAN (\$1,000)... 13,26
Binghamton, N. Y., Binghamton H. S.
- 3 LUCILLE MILLER, (\$500).... 6,122
Oshkosh, Wis., Oshkosh H. S.
- 4 ALMA CELLA (\$300)..... 5,632
E. Elmhurst, N. Y., Flushing H. S.
- 5 LORETTA WAGNER (\$200)... 5,282
Cincinnati, O., St. Boniface H. S.
- 6 OLIVE G. FRAZER..... 4,306
Oyster Bay, N. Y., Oyster Bay H. S.
- 7 HANNAH JOSEPH 4,122
Austin, Texas, Austin H. S.
- 8 YETTA SEINFELD 2,953
Brooklyn, N. Y., East Dist. H. S.
- 9 RUTH NEHRING 2,277
Brooklyn, N. Y., Erasmus Hall H. S.
- 10 BETTY BENDIT 1,063
New York, N. Y., Washington Irving H. S.
- 11 MABEL POLLOCK 912
Ada, Okla., E. C. S. N.
- 12 ALLEAT JOHNSON 799
Fond du Lac, Wis., McKinley H. S.



Helen Rose Blank

Toledo, Ohio.
2335 Warren Street,
February 12, 1922.

"MOVIE WEEKLY" CONTEST EDITOR,
New York City.

Dear Contest Editor:

This is my first attempt at writing and autobiography and I will try to give you, as best I can, a few facts. I reached my sixteenth birthday last New Year's Eve at (6:30 p. m.). Perhaps that accounts for my being a little out of the ordinary, being a New Year's baby.

As far back as I can remember, I have always been quite a "movie fan" and have quite a collection of pictures (some eighty), of our most noted actresses and actors. When I was younger, I can also remember that I was often called upon to entertain at church festivals, usually singing lullabys with my dolls, etc., and at one time unconsciously winding up with a sort of what you might call these days, "shimmy dance." I was always considered quite a tomboy, getting into all sorts of scrapes, at the age of seven being rescued from under a row-boat and many other thrilling happenings which I will not take time to relate. I have always been very fond of music from a child up, and I began when very young to take lessons. My mother, having been a pipe organist and also teaching music, being my first teacher. So it was very natural and very easy for me to play whatever was expected of me. My father, sisters and brothers also are all very musically inclined. So we have some great times together.

Mother and dad say that the first thing of all is that I am domestically inclined. I make friends very easily and I have a great many whom I love dearly.

Since being in the contest and after having seen my picture I was greatly surprised and also delighted to receive a great number of letters from apparent strangers who seemed interested in me and sending in a great many votes for me, as they told me and wishing me all kinds of success in this contest; one of them being from a Honolulu native, who sent in several.

One of my favorite actors in the movies is Mr. Bert Lytell, and I had the great pleasure of meeting him in person a few weeks ago, while his picture "The Idle Rich" was being shown on the screen at Loew's Theatre, Toledo.

I hope I have given you a few satisfactory facts regarding my life in response to your telegram of February 11th, and here's hoping that I win, because I've worked very hard in this contest and I am anxious to hear from you.

Very sincerely yours,

HELEN ROSE BLANK.

P. S.—I am sending in this same mail, picture as you requested me to do. If there is any more information you would like to have, I would be glad to give it to you.



Marie Linahan

40 Baldwin Street,
Binghamton, N. Y.
February 12, 1922.

CONTEST EDITOR, "Movie Weekly,"
119 West 40th Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

In answer to your telegram, which I received this morning, I will try to give you an account of my life.

I was born in Binghamton, New York and have lived there all my life. January 2, 1922 was my 17th birthday.

In June, 1918 I graduated from St. Mary's Parochial School and entered the "Binghamton Central High School" in September of the same year as a student in the Commercial Course. I expect to graduate in June, 1922.

At present I am vice-president of the "Friday Club" one of the social organizations of our school and secretary of the High School Chamber of Commerce.

I am interested in music but am undecided as to whether I will continue the study of it or enter the business field after graduation.

Very truly yours,
MARIE LINAHAN.

be one of these Lucky girls?



February 12, 1922

"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
New York, N. Y.

MOVIE WEEKLY,
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Gentlemen:


Your telegram of February 11 was received at noon today. In response to your request I am inclosing two photographs of myself. I think neither of them is exactly cabinet size, but they are the only ones available on such short notice. I hope that you will find one of them satisfactory.

The following is a short account of my life: I am seventeen years old, and was born in Oshkosh January 12, 1905. I attended the Dale School of Oshkosh, where I was a member of the Girl's Indoor Baseball Team for several years acting in the capacity of pitcher for the last two seasons before entering high school. (I was never able to acquire the art of throwing a spit-ball, but managed to keep my team well up in the graded school league.)

art of throwing a spit-ball, but managed to keep my team well up in the graded school league. I was enrolled in Ooshoku High School in 1918, green and bashful, and with a "lost feeling," as I mixed for the first time with those "big" fellows, who were called "human as those I had known for eight years at the Dale School, and much more enthusiastic about athletics. Both our Girls' and Boys' Departments of Physical Education and Athletics were alive and well developed, and together with some of my girl friends I spent a good many spare hours playing the girls' games and following the teams in their interschool contests. During the past semester I have held the position of Girl Manager of Athletics, but I think they "picked me out" for that position because I was a "big" girl, and I asked them to "pick me out" on my first year in school. In my paper, I was elected the most representative girl in the school, "or had" better not mention this in print, as I am sure there are a good many other girls in the school more deserving of this honor.

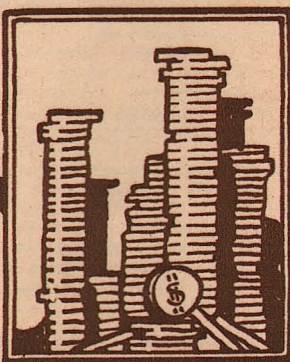
sure there are a good many other girls in the school more deserving of this honor.

I am in the class of 1922, and hope to prepare myself later to teach Physical Education. It has been with this in mind that I have worked hardest to win the "Movie Weekly" Contest. Our campaign was carried on with the High School Athletic Association as our working organization. I believe we have one of the strongest organizations on any high school in the country. The campaigners from the association certainly had things going big in spite of some unthinking and unreasonable opposition from a few people in a position to make our work much harder. Unfortunately for the last days of our campaign, school was practically closed for ten days, with no sessions at all for one entire week, during the final examination period. This worked against us in two ways. In the first place it put us out of close contact with our working body. In the second place it gave those who were carrying the hammers and mallets a chance to do their work without the counteracting influence which would have existed had school been in session. The knockers have much to be proud of; we hope they get their dues. However, we believe that in the long run their knocks will prove boosts for your circulation, although they did their damage at a time when we were not in contact with the students to successfully block their mud-slinging. At the rate we had things moving we should certainly have been able to get across another three or four thousand votes, had school remained in session.



I hope this gives you the things you are interested in. Never having been an editor, it is hard for me to tell just which things would make the best reading.

Respectfully yours,
LUCILLE MILLER.



"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
New York.
Gentlemen:
Your

MOVIE WE
New York
Gentlemen
You

Yours truly,

February 12, 1922
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have been particularly interested in the publication of the "Movie Weekly" since the contest closed I was able to retain 75 customers who will continue to take the "Movie Weekly." Should I be successful in winning the prize I will feel well repaid for my effort and waiting to receive word of my co-operation with me and standing at the close of the contest at an early date. I wish you success.

Respectfully yours,
 MISS LORETTA WAGNER,
 4030 Cherry Street,
 Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am enclosing my I be suc
 an official standing at the
 an early date. I wish you su
 Respectfully yours.
 MISS LORETTA WAGNER,
 4030 Cherry Street,
 Cincinnati, Ohio.

East Elmhurst, N. Y., February 20, 1922.

Dear Sir:—

East Elmhurst.

East Editor,
"MOVIE WEEKLY."
119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Dear Sir—

Replying to your inquiry for an account of my life I submit the following facts. Fifteen years ago I was born in the city of New York. My father is of Italian parentage and my mother French, but I am a full-fledged American girl. When old enough I went to Public School No. 57 in Manhattan, from which I graduated two years ago.

At present I am attending the Flushing High School and am a sophomore. My lessons I believe that I like to travel more than anything else. I am going to California, where I spent eight months on the wonderful vineyard and the climate here and think it is most ideal, principally because of the vineyards of California which furnish me with grapes and enjoy opera. I think that Aida is the best singer. My lessons I have learned some of my kindred and my father and mother have learned some of my kindred and my father and mother have learned some of my kindred and my father and mother have learned some of my kindred.

Very truly,
M. J. J. J.

[illegible]

When "Movie Weekly" started the Popular High School Girl Contest I entered it, but after a couple of months grew discouraged. My mother ousted this feeling and urged me to finish what I had started, so with the help of my younger sister, Elsie, I started out to get busy and capture one of those generous prizes offered to the five most popular girls in high schools all over the country. We worked hard and by making the fact known to our friends in California, in Ohio, in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, we worked up a large subscription list of customers for "Movie Weekly," that we all grown to like.

Like all girls, or at least most of them, my sister and myself are very fond of the movies. The favorite actors and actresses are Rudolph Valentino, Pearl White, William Flinn and Norma Talmadge. Our interest in these movie folks and in the plays they give us, made it easy to regular readers.

You do not tell me why you wish this autobiography but I hope that it is to those unfamiliar with film life. Now these are our readers.

because I have won a prize in the popular High School Girl Contest.

Very truly yours,

ALMA CELL

Very truly yours,

ALMA CELLA

The Philanthropic Bank Burglar

(Continued from page 23)

the uniform of a policeman struggling with what was apparently a prisoner; he hurried over to investigate.

The officer, a big, burly Irishman, was half carrying and half dragging his prisoner and varying the monotony of this by hitting him over the head occasionally with his night stick.

"Come on, come on, you ————," he yelled, as he wrestled with his charge.

Jack was immediately filled with an unconquerable rage. The prisoner was a fairly good-looking young fellow about twenty-eight, tall and very well-dressed. He was desperately trying to get away from the big "bull."

Jack pulled his hat down over his eyes, turned up his coat collar so the cop couldn't see his face plainly and moved nearer.

"Hey, there!" he shouted to Jack, "give me a hand with this burglar!"

"What's he been doing?" asked Jack.

"He's a burglar," exclaimed the cop, "I caught him breaking into a house."

"A burglar, eh?" remarked Jack, sort of meaninglessly.

"Yes," replied the cop angrily; "and a damn bad one. He tried to use his gun when I grabbed him."

"Why use your club on him?" declared Jack. "You look big enough and strong enough to eat him up without all that strong-arm stuff."

This evidently aggravated the cop, for he shouted at Jack:

"T' hell you say! Go on, get away from here or I'll take a crack at you!"

"Don't get sore," replied Jack. "I meant no offense. He looks like a desperate fellow, I'll give you a hand with him."

"All right, come on," the cop answered.

Jack moved over to the side of the big "bull," as though he were going to help him, but quick as a streak of lightning out shot Jack's fist, catching the big policeman under the chin. The officer staggered, reeled and fell to the ground; the crook, being handcuffed, fell on top of him. When the cop fell he dropped his keys which were in his hands. Jack picked them up, unlocked the handcuffs and freed the amazed and bewildered crook.

"Come quick!" he said to him, "let's get away from here!"

"Wait until I get me gun," replied the crook.

"Come on, hurry, never mind your gun," declared Jack. "You've got no time for guns now." He grabbed the crook and started across the park.

Fifteen minutes later he and the crook were sitting in his apartment.

"Say, who in the hell are you anyway!" exclaimed the crook. "Nobody but a right guy could have done what you done tonight!"

"Forget about it," said Jack, "I was glad to have been able to help you. By the way, what's your name?"

"Jimmy O'Connor. What's yours?"

"Frisco Blackey," replied Jack.

"Are you a grifter?" inquired Jimmy.

"Yes," replied Jack, "I'm a grifter."

"What's your racket?"

"Bank burglar," whispered Jack. "Don't talk so loud, somebody is likely to hear you."

"Holy smokes!" exclaimed Jimmy. "You don't mean to tell me that you're a jug man, do you?"

"Yep," replied Jack.

"Where's your broad?"

"Haven't got one," answered Jack, "I live alone."

Jimmy O'Connor was all admiration and gratitude for his rescuer and his eyes filled up with tears when he said:

"You sure saved my life tonight. If that bull had ever got me to de boog, I'd a went to Sing Sing for a long stretch, believe me!"

"Have you ever been there?"

"Yes," he declared, "I've only been out about six months."

"How long did you do?"

"Three years," replied Jimmy. "Three long, hard years."

"What were you sent up for?"

"Stick-up," he grunted; "I stuck up a messenger in Wall Street."

Jack was tremendously impressed with Jimmy. He believed that he had earned his lifelong loyalty and gratitude when he took him away from the cop. That act was the last word in heroism from the standpoint of the underworld. Nothing else that he might have done could have possibly elevated him any higher in Jimmy's estimation. It then occurred to him that Jimmy would make a perfectly trustworthy assistant, and he was overcome with joy when Jack announced that he was going to take him along with him on his bank burglarizing expeditions.

"I don't know nothing about the swell grift," he said, "but, believe me, I will go the limit for you, Blackey, any time you say the word."

"I will take you with me, provided you are willing to do as I say."

"I'm with you hook, line and sinker," replied Jimmy.

"I'll do anything you say and I don't give a damn what it is!"

"Are you willing to devote twenty per cent of what you get out of every haul to a certain cause that I have in mind, without asking any questions?"

"Sure!" replied Jimmy, "you can have the shoat off me back!"

"I shall also want you to go to night school later on," said Jack, "how about that?"

"Fine and dandy!" replied Jimmy with emotion, "I knows dat I see kaffay hag."

This last expression went clean over Jack's head. He didn't "get" Jimmy on that "kaffay hag" business. "I wonder what he means," Jack murmured to himself, "that surely is a new one on me." So finally he said to him:

"Kaffay hag? What do you mean by that, Jimmy?"

"Don't youse know what dat means, Blackey?"

"No," replied Jack, "I don't."

"Kaffay hag is de name of dat new coffee that says everything is extracted from de bean. Everything is extracted from my bean, dere's nothing dere, dat's why I calls myself kaffay hag, do you get me?"

Jack understood and laughed.

"Now, there's just one more request that I have to make."

"Wat's dat?" inquired Jimmy.

"You've got to give up all your old friends. You mustn't let any of them know what you are doing. You've got to stay away from the underworld hang-outs, and after we get started you've got to live by yourself. Are you willing to do these things? If you're not, say so."

"Sure I am," he replied. "I gets you, I gets you, Blackey. If I keeps away from all de dumps in de tenderloin de 'dicks' won't know where I am or what I'm doing. Dat's good dope. I'll stay away from them."

"That's exactly what I mean," said Jack. "If you keep away from all those places nobody will ever know anything about your business, and what is more important still, you will never get in prison. If I ever hear of your going into the tenderloin again you'll have to paddle your own canoe. I can't afford to associate with you if you run around those places."

Jack was interrupted in the middle of his talk by the ring of his door bell. Automatically he pulled out his watch and looked at it. Two-thirty! A fine hour for a visitor! "Who could it be?" he thought to himself. Nobody had ever visited at his apartment before at any time and it certainly was no friend calling at that unconventional hour of the morning.

It then dawned on him that somebody had witnessed the affair between him and the cop and had followed him to the apartment. "A fine mix-up," he murmured to himself, "if that's what it is."

He got up, went to the window and looked out on the street. What he saw simply added conviction to his thoughts about being followed to the apartment, for there on the sidewalk stood two cops. He moved back from the window, but didn't say anything to Jimmy about the cops outside. He was trying to organize his thoughts; trying to decide what would be the best thing to do under the circumstances.

"It's the dicks," said Jimmy. "I'll bet a hundred they trailed us to de flat."

"Keep quiet," whispered Jack.

The bell rang again louder and longer.

"Have you got a gun, Blackey?" said Jimmy, "it's the dicks, sure."

"Keep quiet! Keep quiet!" repeated Jack.

Jack then went to his desk, picked up two guns and handed one to Jimmy saying:

"Now listen to what I have to say and then do it. Take this gun and get in that closet and don't come out until I give you the signal."

"Wat's de signal?" Jimmy whispered.

"Keep your eye on the keyhole and when you see me rub my hands, open the door quietly and cover them with your gun. Don't come out of the closet, just open the door wide enough to put your arm through the opening. Understand?"

"I got you," Jimmy replied, "but don't you think that we ought to beat it down the fire escape in the back?"

"No, no!" said Jack rather impatiently. "Get in that closet and do as I tell you! Get in quick!"

Jack went to the window again and looked out. The two policemen were standing in front of the door and though it was extremely dark and raining he could see them plainly from the apartment window which was on the six floor. It then occurred to him that he had brought home with him from the laboratory a small two-ounce bottle filled with the liquid explosive. "What a fool I was to have brought that home with me!" he thought. He hurried to the toilet and emptied it in the bowl. Just then the bell rang again. He slipped into his bath robe and went to the door with the gun concealed up his sleeve. He pulled the door open quickly.

"Mr. Kennard," said the negro operator, "pahdon muh for disturbing yo', but you left your receiver off the hook and ah has a message fo' yo'."

"What's the message, Joe?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Haberly phoned about an hour ago and said that you should be at the Post Graduate Hospital tomorrow morning at nine o'clock without fail."

"All right, Joe. Thank you!"

"Don't forget to put dat receiver back on dat hook," said the negro as Jack proceeded to close the door.

"I won't," replied Jack.

"Well, wat de hell do you think of that?" said Jimmy as he came out of the closet. "And we thought it was the bulls."

"Aren't you glad that it wasn't?" laughed Jack.

"Glad?" remarked Jimmy. "I should say!"

"Well, let's turn in, Jimmy, and get a few hours sleep. We leave New York tomorrow night."

A short while after they were both in the land of dreams.

A BOLD BANK ROBBER

THE Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia was getting ready to close up for the day when a big, fine-looking fellow in the uniform of a Captain of Police entered and announced that he wanted to see the president.

"May I have your card?" asked the president's secretary.

"Just say that Captain Worthington of the Sixth Precinct wants to see Mr. Barker."

The secretary entered the president's office and said:

"Mr. Barker, Police Captain Worthington of the Sixth Precinct would like to see you for a few moments."

"Police Captain Worthington?" repeated the president.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"Very well, show him in."

When the captain entered, Mr. Barker got up and shook hands with him.

"Glad to know you, Captain, what can I do for you?"

"I want to talk with you privately for a few moments, Mr. Barker."

"Very well, Captain, pitch in."

There was a stenographer in the corner, so the captain waited for Mr. Barker to usher her out of the office. Barker, of course, did not understand that the captain wanted her out of the office, but he noticed the captain's hesitancy, so he said:

"Don't be concerned about this girl, Captain, she is absolutely trustworthy. Anything she hears in my office she never repeats."

"I don't question that for a moment, Mr. Barker, but if you will pardon my insistence, this is one conversation that nobody is going to hear outside of you and myself, so I will have to ask you to have the young lady leave the office, please."

"Oh, very well, Captain—and—ah—Miss Lewis, will you pardon us for a few moments? Thank you."

When the stenographer left the office, the captain resumed his conversation.

"I have information, Mr. Barker, that a gang of New York bank burglars is coming over to Philadelphia tonight to rob your bank."

The president was stunned and when he regained his composure he exclaimed:

"Bank burglars coming here to rob my bank!"

"Tonight," replied the captain.

"Well, this is interesting!"

"However," continued the captain, "I've laid my plans to capture them and I'm here to tell you what they are and to request you to do just as I suggest. The success of my plans depends upon your cooperation."

"Very well, Captain," he replied. "I'm at your service; you may be sure of my hearty cooperation. What are your plans?"

"I will come to the bank tonight at nine o'clock with two of my plain clothes men. I want you to instruct your watchman to let us in when I knock on the door three times. Under no circumstances are you to breathe a word of this to a living soul outside of your watchman. The utmost secrecy must prevail. The slightest slip will mean defeat and the escape of the burglars. When you leave the bank go to your home and stay there. Don't let your curiosity get the better of you and come sneaking around the bank to witness the capture, because if the burglars see you it will be all off; you'll spoil everything absolutely. I shall hide my men in different parts of the bank and make the arrest after the crooks get on the inside of the bank. It's a risky job when we're dealing with bank burglars, and the overlooking of the smallest detail may mean death for me and my men. So please do as I suggest."

The president sat spellbound while the captain was imparting these instructions. He was fascinated and it was clearly evident that he was extremely nervous.

"I will do as you say, Captain," he said with a voice quivering with emotion. "I will do as you say; you may be positive of that."

"That's fine," replied the captain. "By the way, has your watchman arrived yet?"

"I'll see in a moment," answered Mr. Barker.

He pushed one of the buzzers on his desk. The secretary responded immediately.

"See if the watchman has arrived yet, if he has, send him to me."

(Continued on page 30)

THE LOVE OF A HUMAN TIGER CAT

Beautiful of Face and Figure, Mentally a Sharp, Creative Genius—the Girl of the Story Rises from Farm Lass to Movie Queen

Viola Glade, human tiger cat, overhears Royal Merton and her "grandmother" planning to destroy papers revealing her identity. Viola acquires the papers and hides them in a tree. Dale Vernon, screen star, falls in love with Viola, but Isobel Merton checks his declaration of love. Viola is placed in an insane asylum at Merton's direction. She escapes and wanders into the grounds of a large estate. Viola hears two men who plan to rob an old colonel. She frustrates their plan. Afterward, she tells her story to the colonel, and is taken into his household. The colonel falls in love with the girl and they are married.

On their honeymoon they go to recover the papers hidden in the tree and meet Dale Vernon, who in despair after learning of Viola's marriage, agrees to wed Isobel. Royal Merton wrecks the train on which the colonel and his bride are traveling. The colonel is killed and Viola, also thought dead, is left in the wreckage by Merton, after he recovers Viola's papers. Merton's henchmen, however, take the girl to the insane asylum. She escapes, and wanders back to the Merton house. She sees Dale Vernon and Isobel together and is about to turn away when she decides to try and recover the papers from Merton. He sees her and shoots. She falls, but when he looks for her she has disappeared.

She is found by gypsies who rob her and leave her near the gate of a cottage. She is found and taken inside, where she is well treated. Isobel comes and, finding Viola there, tries to poison her. Her plan is foiled by the doctor. Dale Vernon follows Isobel to the house and she nearly betrays herself by her anxiety to get him away.

THE doctor sought long and earnestly for a solution of the mystery and found none. Viola was, as yet, too weak to question and he felt frustrated, then, all at once the way seemed opened. He was reading his favorite Richmond paper when he came across the following personal:

"Information is earnestly desired of Mrs. Colonel Grafton, widow of the late Colonel Grafton, killed in railway accident at Barton's Corners on the 17th of this month. Mrs. Grafton was with her husband and has not been seen since. She is not above sixteen years of age, medium height, hazel eyes, red-gold hair, clear and delicate complexion, and strikingly beautiful. \$1,000 reward will be paid for information leading to her discovery."

The doctor was on his feet without finishing the paragraph. His face was pale with excitement.

"She is Mrs. Grafton. There is no doubt about it. But that bullet-wound did not come from an accident. Mystery and mystery! Who has inserted the advertisement?"

He turned to the paper and read:

"Address all communications, or call personally, at any time of day or night, on S. G. Gladwyn, attorney at law." This was followed by the address.

The doctor whipped out his watch, dashed down the paper, clapped his hat on his head, and rushed into the sitting room, where his wife sat sewing.

"Kate, I'm going to Richmond. Just in time to catch a train. Tell all about it when I return. Lucky there's no serious patients! Home in the morning!"

He was gone leaving his wife staring after him in astonishment.

In Richmond one of the first persons he saw was Dale Vernon. The latter was surrounded by a throng of admirers all clamoring for the autograph of the famous movie star. He was so busy that he did not see the doctor.

The lawyer was in his library when the doctor was ushered in. In a few brief words the latter acquainted him with the reason for his call.

"Good," the lawyer cried. "I'll get my hat and we'll go to her at once."

The doctor shook his head.

"There is no train until morning. Besides it may not be Mrs. Grafton at all. She had no wedding ring on her hand, and she was dressed in the shabbiest of gowns."

"Robbed by some wretch who saw her at the accident," suggested Mr. Gladwyn.

She had a bullet wound in her side," said the doctor. "I put her into a cottage, and there she remained unconscious, murmuring something about Dale, and unworthy."

It was the lawyer's turn to look doubtful.

"I am sure I know nothing about what the words could mean in connection with Mrs. Grafton."

"Yesterday at noon," the doctor went on, "a Miss Isobel Merton . . ."

"Ah!" ejaculated the lawyer. "Go on."

Came to the cottage as if by chance. Dale Vernon, the movie actor, her fiance, found her in a swoon in the cottage. She was quite alone there, excepting for the sick girl, for the occupant of the cottage was outside trying to fasten the horse."

"I believe your patient and my client are the same," the lawyer said emphatically.

"When Isobel Merton was gone," continued the doctor with impressive slowness. "I went to my patient to give her medicine. I found something wrong with it. I took it home and tested it. It had enough poison to kill six girls."

"And Isobel Merton put it there!"

"I do not say so; I only suspect it. But is there a connection that you know of, between your client and this Isobel?"

"That I do not know; but I do know that it is to the interest of Royal Merton to get her out of the way. Once he had her placed in an insane asylum."

"Mr. Gladwyn," cried the doctor, "there can be no doubt but what my patient is your client. In the morning we shall know. Will you help me hunt down the poisoner?"

"Of course. But have you any clue to a reason why the daughter should wish to poison Mrs. Grafton?"

"Mrs. Grafton, if indeed it be she, loves Dale Vernon. So does Miss Merton."

"We must return at once," the lawyer insisted. "If it was worth while to poison your patient, don't you suppose that her enemies have discovered by this time that she is alive?"

"My God!" gasped the doctor, realizing the possibilities of the case at once. "They will try to kill her again; and I am away."

"We'll go back at once," the lawyer stated. "It will only take a few moments for my chauffeur to get the car in readiness."

In two hours' time they were at the cottage.

Once More in the Hands of Her Foes

"Someone has left Mrs. Hawkins' gate open," said Doctor Belden in a low tone, as he and Mr. Gladwyn stopped in front of the cottage. "The good lady would be very angry if she knew."

"She is particular, then?"

"Yes; she is afraid cows or dogs will get in at her flowers. Queer that some one should be here after she had retired."

"Let us go in," Mr. Gladwyn said quickly.

The doctor put his hand on the lawyer's arm.

"The cottage seems so very quiet. I wonder if we should disturb them at this hour?"

"Yes, I think so. At least we should communicate with the woman of the house, even if we let your patient sleep. Ah, by the way, is it your friend's habit to leave her windows wide open?"

The doctor turned quickly and saw the window of Viola's bedroom wide open.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried. "What can have happened. Have the poor women been murdered?"

"It may be simply carelessness. Do nothing that will startle either one of them. Let us go to the door and knock loudly. Better waken your patient than remain in this suspense."

The doctor knocked furiously. Almost immediately they heard the widow's voice.

"Who's there? What's the matter? Hush! Hush!"

"Thank Heaven you are all right," gasped the doctor. "Open the door. It is I, Doctor Belden."

He turned the knob of the door as he spoke and pushed, as if he would hasten the movement of Mrs. Hawkins. To his alarm the door opened at once.

"Do you no longer lock your door?" he cried.

Mr. Gladwyn who grasped everything, pushed past him and cried anxiously:

"Where does your patient sleep?" Quick."

"Mercy, doctor! Who is the gentleman? Don't rouse her in that way, doctor. Good gracious!"

The doctor leaped into Viola's room spurred on

by the lawyer's fears. In an instant he was by the bedside.

"She is gone!" he cried.

Mrs. Hawkins was by his side at once, feeling over the empty bed.

"Where is she?" she gasped.

"A light!" cried Mr. Gladwyn, the first to recover.

Mrs. Hawkins nervously struck a match, and with trembling hand lighted the lamp that stood on the table. Then she suddenly remembered that she stood in her nightgown, and with a cry of dismay, fled from the room.

"It is just as I feared," the lawyer said in a sharp, incisive tone. "Was she well enough to go of her own free will?"

"She could not stand on her feet."

"I surmised so much. Do you see that the bedclothes are gone? They wrapped her up in it and carried her away. Mrs. Hawkins!"

Mrs. Hawkins entered, wrapped in a dressing gown.

"Yes, sir."

"Your patient is gone. Can you throw any light on the matter? Did you hear any noise?"

"None."

"You can not help us with a suggestion?"

"No, sir. If she had been well enough, I might have thought that she had gone herself, but she was not able to sit up, let alone stand."

"Doctor," said the lawyer decisively, "let us go to Merton's place at once."

"You think he did it?"

"I suspect him. He has the greatest need to have harm come to her. I have been investigating the case ever since the colonel's death." There is something rotten in Denmark and Merton is the cause of it."

"You will go to his house now?"

"We'll go first to this Judge Denison that you have told me about. He is acting magistrate, I believe. You can make affidavit that you believe Isobel Merton attempted to poison your patient. With that in our hands and a constable with us, I fancy we can bring him to terms."

"Ah," sighed the doctor, "I am glad you are in charge of the affair. I would not have thought of that."

"I shall never rest until I have rescued her, or avenged her if they have harmed a hair of her head," Mr. Gladwyn said in a tone that made the doctor glad the lawyer was his friend.

Morning was breaking when the two arrived at the door of Judge Denison's mansion. They had to wait some little while for the judge who was not an early riser. He listened with absorbing interest to the tale they had to tell. In many ways he could fill in the gaps that strengthened the belief of the lawyer that, in some way the father and daughter were concerned in the present disappearance of his client.

"There can be no doubt of it," he said emphatically. Merton and Isobel were with us at dinner last night. But I should add that it was not by invitation."

"I see, plain as day," Mr. Gladwyn cried, "it was as a sort of alibi. Some one did his dirty work for him. Now the question is: do you feel that you can give me a warrant for the arrest of the girl, Isobel? I could handle her better than her father, and through her could reach him."

The judge hesitated.

"It seems a strong case against her, Gladwyn, but, you see, he has great wealth, and can fight hard."

"Mrs. Grafton has more than a million," the lawyer replied, meaningly. "Besides, it would be a case for the county, you know. You are safe to give a warrant."

"I am not troubled about that," the judge replied. "Let me advise you. Breakfast here. I'll send a message to Merton, asking him to call on a matter of importance to him. You may be sure he will come."

"No doubt of that. His guilt will make him anxious."

"You will leave for the Merton place and as soon as he leaves for here, you will be able to see Isobel alone."

"You are right, judge. I shall do as you say."

"It seems cruel to subject a girl to such an ordeal," the judge said pityingly, "but I can see no help for it." Royal Merton was at breakfast with his daughter when the letter from the judge was handed him. He read it with a growing pallor. Its non-committal character frightened him.

"What is it, papa?" Isobel demanded. "Has she escaped again?"

"No, she is too ill," the doctor said, to stand on her feet. I wish you had poured the poison down her throat as you first intended."

"What's done can't be undone," she said bitterly. "If I bungled then you have done the same now in having her carried off, instead of killing her, when I told you that she had escaped your bullet and was still living."

"I thought it was the best thing to do. What a blood-thirsty creature you are. You are worse than I am, and God knows that is bad enough. This is a letter from Judge Denison asking me to come over at once to see him on a matter of the utmost importance to me."

"Can he have discovered anything?" she gasped. "Curse it! I can't tell. I must go without delay!"

He pushed his plate away as he spoke, and hastened to the library. His first act was to take his revolver from the desk drawer and place it in his hip-pocket.

"It is as well to be prepared for the worst!" he muttered to himself ominously.

Isobel at Bay

SHORTLY after Merton left the two men were ushered into the presence of his daughter.

There was a hunted look on her face.

"What—what do you want?" she asked in a faltering tone.

"Isobel Merton," said the lawyer in a solemn tone, "we are here to demand of you a human life."

"She is not dead!" Isobel panted, hardly realizing that she had betrayed herself by her words.

"No," the lawyer agreed; she is not dead, unless she has been killed in the shock of abduction. If she has you will be her murderer."

"Who are you?" she demanded, her brain unable to meet the strain upon it.

He drew from his pocket a warrant for her arrest, and slowly unfolded it before her, saying sternly:

"I am a special officer, holding a warrant for your arrest for attempted murder."

Waving her hand at him as if she would keep him off, she walked:

"It is a mistake; I did not do it."

"We know you did it and you must either go with us to prison, or reveal where your victim is at this moment."

"How should I know?" she gasped.

"We know you know. You have your choice of prison or telling us where she is."

She glared around the room like some trapped creature seeking a way to escape.

"Make your choice," the lawyer said sternly.

She was silent for a moment, her hands pressed to her heaving bosom as if to calm its turbulence. At last she spoke. "She is in an insane asylum, near here. That is all I know"—and fainted.

"Is there a place of that kind near here?" the lawyer asked of the doctor, ignoring the fallen girl.

"Yes, it hasn't a very good reputation. Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Such places are always closely guarded," murmured the lawyer, "but a warrant from Judge Denison will open the gates."

Calling a servant to look after her mistress who was still in a swoon, they hurried back to Judge Denison's.

As soon as she recovered Isobel hastened to her room and, with feverish excitement, began to toss together various articles of wearing apparel.

"Order my car and find out when the next train leaves for Richmond," she commanded her maid.

When it was brought around she told the same servant to tell her father that she was going to Richmond.

Arriving in that city she went to the hotel where she knew Dale Vernon was staying. She ordered the best suite in the hotel, then asked if Dale Vernon was still there.

"Yes, Miss Merton," the clerk replied, "he is still here."

Resting for a few moments in her rooms she then sent her card to the suite occupied by her fiancé. He was in and lost no time seeking her. She leaped up and ran to him, arms outstretched as he entered.

"Why are you here?" he cried in astonishment.

"Dale, I loved you so I could not remain away from you."

"And your father?" he queried.

"He is not here. I came alone."

"Alone? How imprudent! You should not have done so."

"I came to see you, Dale," she said, pleadingly. "I came because I shall soon be your wife and have a right to be with you. I came, Dale," she continued with a burst of passion, "because I want you to make me your wife, now. Why should we wait for the few days that have been set? Dale, dear, take me in your arms and say that the wedding shall take place at once—to-day."

"Isobel, are you mad?" he cried. "I can not—will not do such a thing. It would cause the tongue of scandal to wag. Isobel, you must go back to your father."

"As your wife, Dale," she said, rising inflection in her voice. "You must marry me, now that I have come to you. I shall be forever disgraced if you do not."

He grew cold.

"No, Isobel, I'll never marry you in this way," he said. "I'll leave you for a little while and a little reflection will convince you that it is not wise to do such a thing."

"You shall not leave me," she screamed, leaping between him and the door. "You have promised to marry me, and you shall. I came here for that purpose. It would be dishonorable for you to refuse."

Dale was more alarmed than angry. He saw by her excitement, and the expression in her eyes that something was wrong with her.

"You are not well, Isobel," he said soothingly. "Let me send for a doctor. We will talk this matter over afterward."

A wild laugh rang from her lips; and with a swift movement, she snatched from her bosom the stiletto which her father had procured for her.

"You shall never leave me alive except as my husband!" she screamed. "Do you think I will give you back to her?"

With these words she suddenly lowered her voice, and spoke in a whisper.

"Of course she is dead; you know that; but you don't know that I killed her. No one knows that. I would not let her live to take you from me."

He knew now that her brain was affected and realized, as he saw her creeping toward him with the gleaming weapon in her hand, and the light of reason gone from her eyes, that his life was in danger.

"We'll die together," she said in a low tone that made his flesh creep. "Better lie in the grave in your arms than to live and see her your bride."

She leaped upon him as she spoke, and then there ensued a struggle that was the more difficult owing to the fact that he strove not to injure her, while she strove with maniacal rage to drive the blade of the weapon in his heart.

What the outcome might have been it is impossible to say, had not some of the hotel servants been attracted by the sound of scuffling and screaming, and rushed in.

She was secured, after some difficulty, and was conveyed to a private insane asylum and a telegram sent to Royal Merton, bidding him come to see Isobel at once, who was ill.

Queen of Hearts

WHEN the telegram arrived Royal Merton was cold in death. Viola had been rescued from the insane asylum; the cowardly doctor had turned state's evidence and confessed the crimes against both Viola and her mother. Realizing that he could cheat justice no longer a bullet ended the cruel man's career.

Viola, now one of the richest women in the south, was taken to the residence of Judge Denison, where, with a trained nurse and Dorothea as a loving companion, she rapidly regained her customary health.

For several days there had passed no words between them on a subject which Dorothea had confidently expected would be the first one broached—that of Dale Vernon.

It was Dorothea, in fact, that broached the subject; she had been unable to keep silent, and believed that Viola was well enough now to talk without fear of unduly exciting herself.

Viola was in a becoming wadded wrapper of turquoise blue silk, and reclining in an easy-chair on the upper veranda of the house. Dorothea sat by her side, looking doubtfully at her.

"Viola, dear," she said at last, "why don't you ask me any questions about your old friends and acquaintances?"

The color rose in the beautiful face, and there was a little quiver of the full lower lip.

"If there had been anything to tell," she said in a low tone, "I supposed you would tell me."

"Don't you want to know anything about Dale Vernon?"

"Is he married yet?" Viola said, with a little catch in her voice.

Dorothea shook her head gravely.

"No; he will never marry Isobel. She is insane—hopelessly insane."

"The two little hands held each other in a convulsive grasp."

"I am sorry to learn it. Does he feel badly?"

"He feels—badly to think she is insane, but he did not love her. Don't you know Viola, that he loved no one but you?"

Viola bit her lips to suppress a sob that rose in her throat.

"He despised me because I married my dear old colonel."

Dorothea nestled close to her and took her hand in both of hers, saying eagerly:

"You are mistaken, Viola. I heard him say yesterday that he thought you were the noblest, purest woman that ever lived."

"He said that?" gasped Viola. "Yesterday? He is here?"

"He has been here every day since he returned from the New York studio. He is to start on the long delayed picture soon. Also he has been helping Mr. Gladwyn settle the affairs of Royal Merton, who—who, died, you know."

Viola cared nothing for Royal Merton; her thoughts were on Dale Vernon. Dorothea went on slowly and cautiously.

"Doctor Belden said you might see company any time you wished now."

"Did he?"

"Dale has been begging every day to be allowed to see you."

"Yes?"

"Will you see him? Say yes, Viola dear! He is waiting downstairs for your answer. He says he must beg your pardon for something he once said to you. May he come up?"

She did not stop for the words that trembled on Viola's lips, but ran to the door, looking back over her shoulder as if to assure herself that she was making no mistake.

Viola did not look up or call her back. Her heart was yearning to look at Dale again. It seemed to her that even if he had come to revile her she must see him.

It seemed to her that she could hear a heavier step than Dorothea's on the stairs. It even seemed that it came more rapidly than even Dorothea's had done. Her heart began to throb violently.

The footsteps were in the hall. It seemed to her that she would choke if she did not cry out and relieve the tension at her heart.

* * * * *

"Viola! Viola!"

"Dale!"

It did not happen as she had expected. There was no formal greeting; there were no slow explanations; she rose unsteadily as he came on the porch, and was in his arms as naturally as a child nestles in the arms of its mother.

He held her there as if he would never let her go again, and she, with a sigh of perfect contentment, let herself remain, as if she had at last found home and rest.

There were no words for many minutes. His lips sought hers, and she yielded them to him; and it seemed to her that she floated away at that moment on a sea of ecstasy. His voice recalled her to the world.

"Viola, dear! You do forgive me?"

"You do not despise me, Dale? I did not know I was doing any wrong. He was so good to me I could not help loving him."

"Dale Vernon smiled to hear her speak of loving the old man. There was no jealousy in his heart at her words."

"He was a noble man, Viola, and you can honor his memory no more than I do. Some day I will show you a letter he wrote to me about you, and you will understand why I say so."

She smiled up at him.

It was not necessary to say anything, and she was too happy to think of words. It was enough for her that she was in his arms, her heart beating to his.

"You do love me then?" he asked in a low tone.

"Do you doubt it?" she murmured.

"But I want to hear you say it," he insisted with a lover's perversity.

"I do love you, Dale. I have always loved you, and I thought I should die when I feared I had lost you."

"Then we'll be married right away," he cried joyously. "After our honeymoon we'll start on my new picture, 'The Finger of Fate' and you shall be my leading lady."

THE END

A Fiery Romance of Love

* * *

Or the Exciting Kidnapping of Doris Dalrymple, famous movie star, and the ripening of a real love

* * *

"You're a darling," she breathed, "but I can't marry a man just because I'm out of sorts with my career, can I? No, I've got to go on starring!" It was Doris Dalrymple gently refusing a proposal of marriage.

And then, swift as an arrow, the motorcycle shot ahead of the yellow car, swept a wide circle and came swooping back to stop at the very elbow of the astonished Doris.

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The Philanthropic Bank Burglar

(Continued from page 26)

The secretary returned with the information that the watchman had come. He was changing his clothes and would be in the president's office in a minute or two.

About five minutes after this conversation the watchman, a big lumbering Irishman, entered the office.

"Dan," said the president, addressing him, "have seat. This is Captain Worthington. This is our watchman, Mr. Kelly, Captain." The captain and Dan shook hands. The president resumed his conversation.

"Dan," he repeated, "the Captain has just been telling me some startling news and I want to talk with you about it, but before I tell you anything I want to caution you against saying a word to anybody in the bank, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dan.

Continuing, the president said:

"A gang of New York bank burglars are coming over to Philadelphia tonight to rob our bank. The Captain here has laid his plans to capture them on the job. Now please listen attentively to what I have to say and then follow my instructions to the letter."

"All right, sir," answered the watchman.

"At nine o'clock tonight the Captain will come to the bank with two of his men, both of whom will be in plain clothes. The Captain will be in his uniform. He will knock on the door three times, that will be your cue to open the door and let him in. Do you understand that thoroughly?"

"I do, sir," replied the watchman.

"And," cut in the Captain, "just go about your duties as though nothing were going to happen; don't let your routine vary in the slightest detail, for the chances are that these fellows have been watching you and your movements for a good many nights, and if you should do anything that will arouse their suspicions I shall not be able to capture them."

The president cautioned Dan once more and then dismissed him.

"Well, Captain, I can see that you're going to have a very interesting night."

"Yes," laughed the captain, "it may be more interesting than I expect."

"Suppose you phone me at my home after you've captured the burglars, I'll never be able to sleep tonight with this affair on my mind, and if you don't mind I should love to come down to the bank after you've made the arrest."

"All right, Mr. Barker," declared the captain; "I'll phone you after we've caught them; what's your number?"

"Race three-four-nine. I shall be waiting for the call. As soon as I get it I will hop in my car and drive down."

"Well, I guess I've covered everything," declared the captain, "so I'll be on my way back to the station."

"Very well, Captain," replied the president, "everything is in your hands. I shall see that you're substantially rewarded for this matter, the bank will be everlastingly obligated to you for your work tonight."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Barker. It's my job and I'm glad to be of service to you. If you feel that what I've done warrants a reward, why speak to the Mayor for me, I should like to be made an inspector."

"The Mayor is a personal friend of mine," said the president, "and I will be delighted to go to him in your behalf. Yes, sir," he repeated, "I shall be delighted."

"Thank you, Mr. Barker," replied the captain, "I'll see you later."

"Good-bye, Captain, and don't forget to phone me."

Are You This Girl?

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"I won't forget you," replied the captain as he departed.

It was now about four-thirty, all the bank employees had gone, the night watchman, who was sitting by the door, arose to let the captain out.

"I shall be back at nine o'clock, Mr. Kelly, and don't forget the signal—three knocks on the door. You'll remember, won't you?"

"Yes, sir, Captain," the watchman answered. "I'll remember. I'll be looking for you."

"Good night, Mr. Kelly."

"Good night, Captain."

Frisco Blackey laughed as he walked up the street. "What a joke it would be," he murmured to himself, "if I should bump into the real Captain Worthington."

Two blocks away from the bank he got into a big high-powered touring car, upon which the curtains were up.

"All right, Jimmy, drive slowly until I get this uniform off. I really feel like an officer of the law after my session with the president of The Arlington National Bank."

"Did everything pan out all right, Blackey?"

"Fine and dandy," said Blackey, "the watchman himself will let us in the bank tonight at nine o'clock."

"Ha ha!" roared Jimmy, "dat knocks me a twister. Da night hack is going to let's in da jug, he's goin' to open the doors and let's in? Well, I'll be damned! Ha, ha, ha!" he roared with laughter.

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"Don't be too optimistic, Jimmy," cautioned Blackey. The hardest part of the job is yet to come; many things can happen between now and nine o'clock."

"Wat da ya mean?" said Jimmy. "What da ya mean dat many things can happen between now and nine o'clock?"

"I mean this," said Blackey, "suppose the president should telephone to the Sixth Precinct for Captain Worthington and learn that the Captain Worthington with whom he had been talking at the bank this afternoon was not the real captain, but a fraudulent one. You know what would happen, Jimmy, don't you? When we get to the bank tonight there will be an array of 'dicks' waiting for us with an arsenal and away we would go to the 'stir' for ten or fifteen years."

"By God!" exclaimed Jimmy with emotion, "I never thought of that."

"Of course," continued Blackey, "there's only one chance in a million of his doing that, yet, if he should happen to do it, you can see what a jam we would be in. That's why I say don't be too optimistic, Jimmy, figure on every possibility. Try to anticipate the other fellow. By doing these things you will be better prepared to meet the unexpected when it comes before you."

When they stepped out of their car in front of the Y. M. C. A., Blackey had discarded the Police Captain's uniform and deposited it in his bag. Before going to dinner he dived into the pool, then went into the gymnasium for twenty minutes of strenuous exercise. He made Jimmy do the same. They ate a hearty dinner, took a walk, returned to their room, got the bag and proceeded to the bank.

On the way, Blackey once more donned the uniform. They parked the car about three blocks from the bank.

"Be careful, now," cautioned Blackey, "and bear in mind what I said to you about the possibility of the president having telephoned to the real Captain Worthington."

Jimmy's nerves were tingling with excitement and suspense as they neared the bank, and his voice trembled when he said:

"Wat are you going to do, Blackey, if the 'dicks' should be waiting for us? Will I blaze away at 'em?"

"No," replied Blackey with decision, "you do as I say. Don't get nervous. I'll handle them if they're there and don't forget that your name is Detective Donahue and that the watchman's name is Kelly."

"All right," mumbled Jimmy. When they arrived at the bank, Blackey knocked on the door three times, there was no response. He bent his head and listened. A low murmur of voices on the other side of the door came to his ears. Suddenly the door was swung open.

(Continued next week)

The Brain Wave

(Explanation: The idea is to make snappy sentences from a list of motion picture titles, using them to get the idea across. The following are the winners of the first batch that has come in to us. No prize is offered for the best sentence. Just credit given to the author.)

"Too Much Speed," cried "The Little Minister," don't you see there's a "Dangerous Curve Ahead?" I do, said "The Nut," but keep seated we're "Good For Nothing" anyhow, and we've still got "Two Minutes To Go."

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"Don't Tell Everything," cried "Pollyanna" across "The Great Divide," as "The Affairs of Anatol" are "Forbidden Fruit" to "The Three Musketeers."

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New York City,
New York.

If "Princess Jones" were to be seen in a "Silver Car" with "The Little Minister," driving through "The Crooked Streets," what would "Foolish Wives" say? "Scandal," of course.

After being "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals," "The Man of Stone" saw a "Light Out of the Clearing," which opened his eyes to "Civilization."

"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," known as the "Romantic Adventuress," took a hike "Over the Hill" to see "The City of Silent Men."

"The Divorcee" planned "A Trip to Paradise" with "The Dancing Fool," he being "Just Out of College."

As we sat in "The Old Nest," "Old Lady 31" and her husband, known as "Old Dad," told us the story of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Elaine Hammerstein PRIZE WINNERS



Annabelle Virginia Elliott
ONE

It gives us pleasure to announce that our readers have selected the two young ladies who most nearly resemble ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN and whose pictures we are re-printing from the ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN page of February 4th.

ANNABEL VIRGINIA ELLIOTT

of East St. Louis, Illinois, is the LUCKY GIRL who wins the \$25.00 first prize with 160 votes. Her picture was Number 1.

ANITA SHERMAN

of Chicago, Illinois, whose picture was Number 2, received 107 votes, entitling her to two subscriptions to the "Movie Weekly."

The other seven young ladies who were contestants received votes giving them the following places:

JENNIE WALKER	3rd Place
MARY BONNER	4th "
MARY PASCO	5th "
RUTH KAIRNER	6th "
JULIA CLAUSEN	7th "
PAULINE LITTLETON	8th "
ANNA PETERS	9th "



Anita Sherman-TWO

We thank the girls who have taken part in this interesting contest, and our readers who, as the final judges, have made the above decision.

Next week we will announce the BEBE DANIELS winners.

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Convex Kettle. This combination used for cooking and stewing vegetables. Bulged sides, easy to pour liquids off. Used as Windsor kettle.



Used as a Double Boiler cooks cereals, no scorching. Steam vegetables in top. Kettle Cover made of thick aluminum.



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Corn Popper. This combination is what you want for special things—corn popping, crisping corn flakes, roasting coffee, etc.



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Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
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Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
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From the story "The Noose"
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Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"

Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
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A Realart Production

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"Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy Barnes,
Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
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Mia May in "My Man"

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Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade

Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"

Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith

Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice

Mia May in "Truth Conquers"

Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers

"The Beauty Shop" with Raymond Hitchcock
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Pollock and Rennold Wolf
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"
By Ewart Adamson

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN